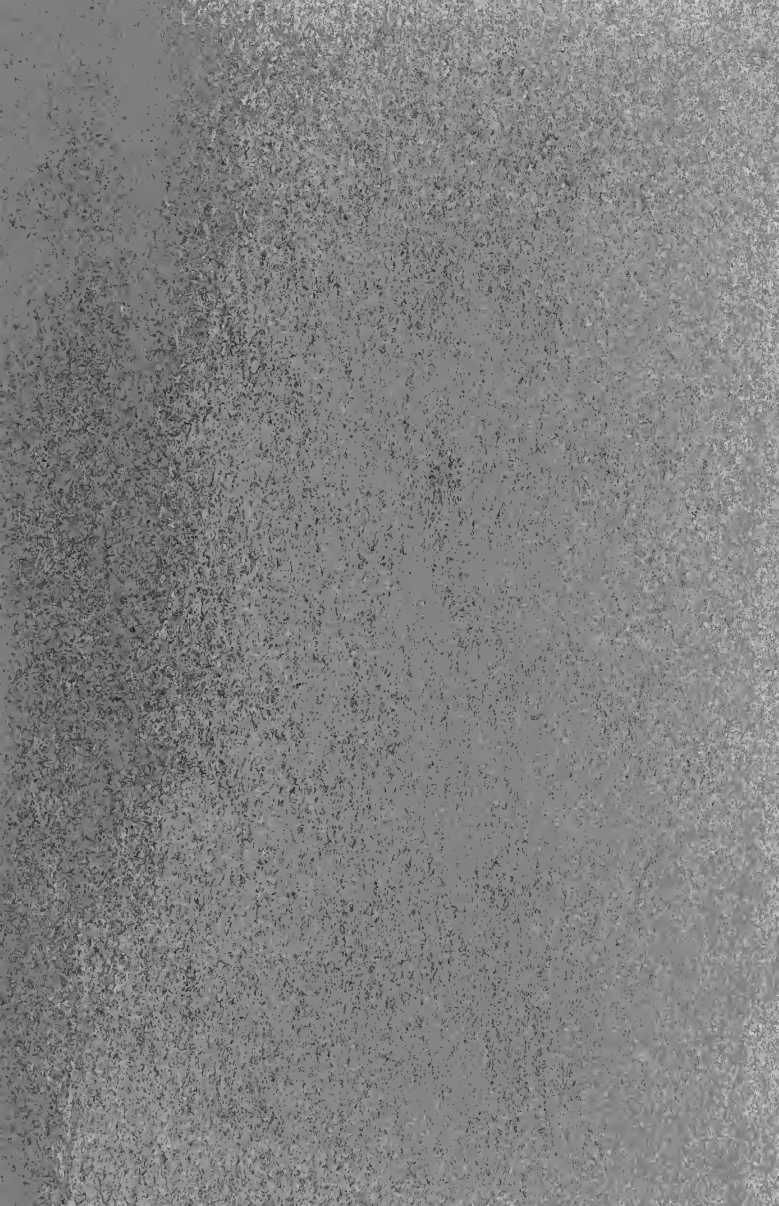
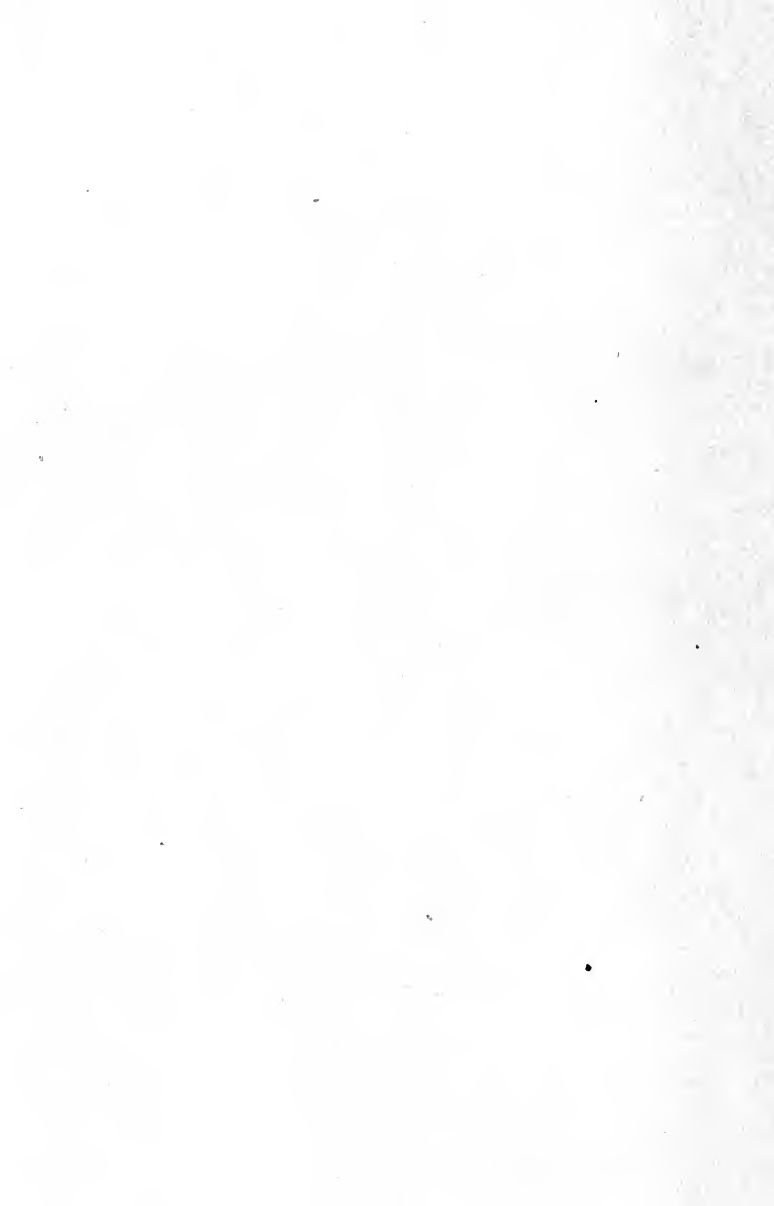
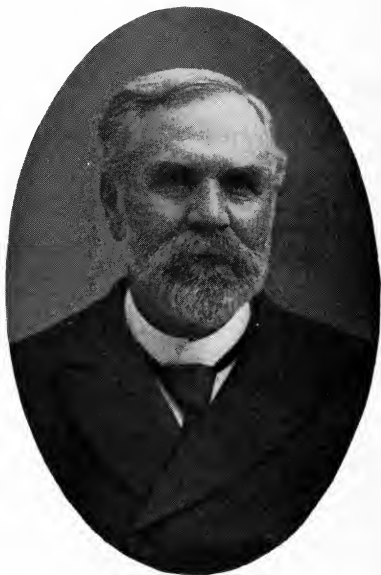


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JAMES JENSEN.

A Biographical Sketch  
OF  
JAMES JENSEN



By  
J. M. TANNER

THE DESERET NEWS  
Salt Lake City, Utah  
1911

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## Foreword.

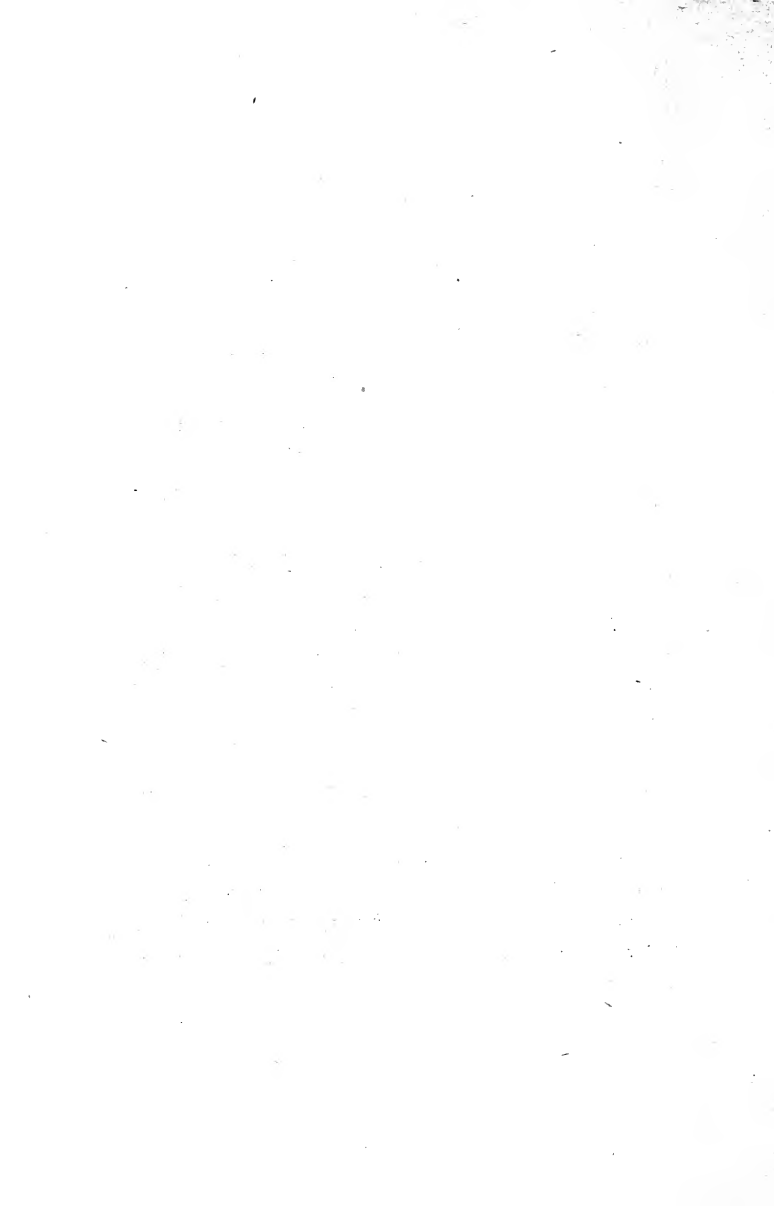
It was the intention originally to summarize briefly the leading events in the life of James Jensen. Contrary to all expectations, the subject matter of this small volume grew beyond the limitations put upon it. The writer, believing that many of the events connected with this biography and belonging to the history of Forest Dale would be a source of interest to the people generally of the Ward, therefore obtained the consent of the Bishop to the publication of his biography in book form. This consent was given with great reluctance on the part of Bishop Jensen whose fears about "becoming modesty," "undue pretentions," and "adverse criticism" had to be overcome by persistent effort and persuasion. The author assumes all responsibility for whatever publicity this volume may acquire. If its subject matter should prove as interesting to the reader as it has been to the writer, the latter will have no apology to make for offering this book to the members of the Ward and the friends of its worthy Bishop.

THE AUTHOR.

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# James Jensen

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## CHAPTER I

### BIRTH AND EARLY BOYHOOD

Somewhere between forty and fifty miles west of Copenhagen, on the Island of Sjeland, was located the little village of Haugerup, where James Jensen was born June 7th, 1841. The village was small and its chief resources, its farms, were in the ownership of perhaps a half a dozen men. The others in that little village either worked under the local landlords or sought employment in the town of Soro. The village of Haugerup was in those early times a fruitful land for the Mormon elders, who induced, it is said, more than half of the people there to join the Church.

"My parents were poor," said Bishop Jensen in commenting upon the early circumstances

of his boyhood. But that could hardly be true since they were the owners of one cow, which gave them some right to recognition in the so-called middle class of society. Besides, his parents owned their home which was covered by a thatched roof, and in the style peculiar to those days. Conditions not unlike those of his parents may be found in many of the rural communities of Europe at the present time. The family at that time sought employment at the hands of others. They represented that condition of thrift which comes through hard and constant toil.

It was in the year 1855 that the Mormon elders led the Jensen family into the waters of baptism. It was the dawn of a new era to them. It lifted them from the narrow confines of a life about them into an open and new world.

To the parents of James Jensen there were born seven children. The family record is given as follows:

*Father:*

Hans Jensen, born December 19, 1816; died April 24, 1880.

*Mother:*

Sissie Maria Jacobson Jensen, born December 13, 1814; died February 16, 1898.

*Children:*

James Jensen, born June 7, 1841.

Karen Jensen Peterson, born October 6, 1843.

Christian Jensen, born 1845.

Jacob Hans Jensen, born 1847.

Fredrick Jensen, born 1849.

Soren P. Jensen, born 1851.

Sophia Jensen, born 1853; died 1857.

Christian and Frederick died before the family left for Utah.

The only surviving daughter of this family reached the Valleys, and became the wife of Bishop Peterson of the second ward. The three remaining sons all grew up to be men of stable character, industrious, and progressive, and turned to good account the splendid inheritance of a strong and industrious manhood bestowed upon them by their parents.

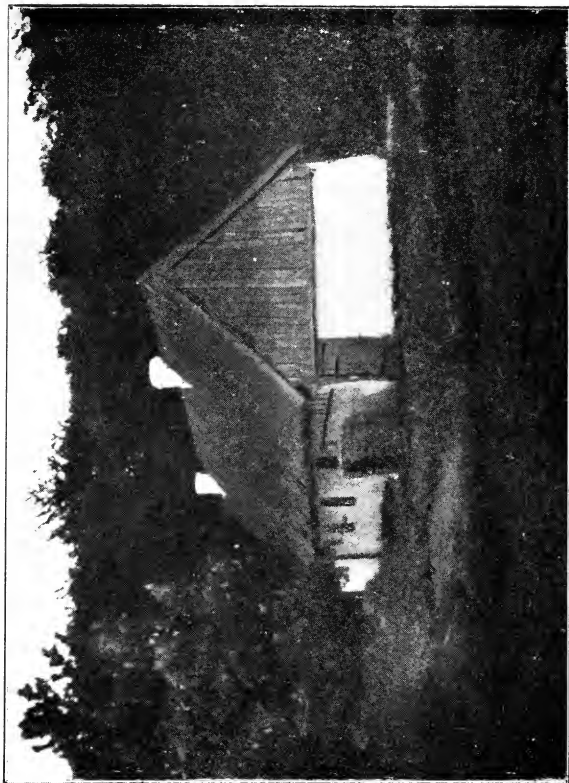
The opportunities of the subject of this sketch in his early boyhood days were those common to his time and environments. He

was brought up in a school of hard work. There is something really wonderful in the industrial life of a boy who from his earliest recollections was taught the sacred duty of aiding the parents in the maintenance of the home. James went with his father to the town of Soro for employment. While the father was working in the garden of his employer, the boy found employment in a rope factory where for a year he learned and practiced the art of rope spinning.

Rope was an important item in those days in the farmer's business. Well fenced pastures in which the cattle roamed at will were not known then as they are now. The cattle were staked out in a methodical order and cleaned up the grass thoroughly as they went from one side of the field to the other. Such sights are occasionally seen in remote rural districts of certain European countries at the present time. It is a nice geometrical problem to determine an accurate method of staking a cow so that as she circles about within the radius of the rope given her, she can be made to clean up the field without leaving here and there considerable spots







BIRTHPLACE.

of untouched grass. Then the Danish were, as they are now, among the most economical farmers in the world. Their country is small; almost every square rod of it is put to the most highly beneficial uses. The Danes then, as now, were perhaps the best intensive farmers in the world. Indeed, Denmark today averages forty bushels of wheat to an acre—the highest of any nation.

“Our school life,” said Bishop Jensen, “did not in those times amount to much.” Peculiar circumstances of education then prevailed which the traveler occasionally witnesses in some parts of Europe today. The schools were then graded according to the days of the week. One class attended Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; the other, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, so that three days each week was the portion of every child that attended school. There were no grades and the system of instruction was individual. The students were taught the three Rs, and given a little geography. They were qualified sufficiently in the art of reading to enable them in after life, if they diligently desired it, to enlarge their learning by the habit and process of reading.

Work—hard, systematic, and continuous work—was a common birthright.

A change came in those days to the boy who, under sixteen years of age, had learned to work so well. One of the things that he remembers was his employment by one of the land-lords in his native village of Haugerup. "I remember," said he, in speaking of those early times, "that my employer brought a number of farmers to see how straight I could plow a furrow." No wonder that the Danes have become such expert farmers when the ability to do their part of the work on the farm was a source of such pride. No wonder in later life James Jensen was sought to take charge of a large farm. That straight furrow in his boyhood days meant to him in later life the love of an orderly method in every occupation he pursued. He is perhaps not conscious of the fact that there has grown up in the ward over which he has presided for a number of years a spirit of tidiness, a love of cleanliness, which make for excellent order about all the home surroundings. Who may not say that much of the excellent taste and orderly homes in Forest Dale are not in some measure the indirect result of that

straight furrow the boy was ambitious to plow and about which his employer was so proud.

James Jensen was baptized into the Church on the 21st of May, 1855 by Elder Ole Larsen. From that time on a new relationship sprang up. Some of the well-to-do landlords of the village joined the Church. The spirit of equality and brotherly love which the new message had brought to them led to more intimate relations among all of the members of the Church in that little village. Among the noble spirits of that brotherhood was one, Nels Nelson, a man whose generous instincts, broadened by his conception of the Gospel, led him to consecrate his wealth to the aid and blessing of his brethren about him. Nelson became the benefactor of James Jensen as well as of his parents and of his sisters and brothers. He took James into his employ and aided him and his family to emigrate to Utah. On reaching the Valleys, the boy and his benefactor separated—Nelson going to Brigham City, and James remaining in Salt Lake City.

As years went on, the gratitude of the boy increased, and the appreciation, and love of Jensen for his friend brought to the latter's

life a joy of the rarest quality. Speaking of the last communication with his old-time friend, Bishop Jensen relates the following touching incident: "A few years ago when my friend Nelson was in Gentile Valley, I wrote him a letter inviting him to pay us a visit in Forest Dale. I was anxious to see him and wanted to renew some of those old-time friendly relations that I had enjoyed with him in days gone by. I therefore offered to meet all his expenses if he would only come and pay us a visit. It was not many days after I had written this invitation that I received word that my friend was dead. His death was so sudden, so unexpected that I marveled about it. He was buried in Brigham City, and I, of course, attended his funeral. While there his wife told me that his death was equally surprising to his family. The letter, she said, which I had written to him had a very peculiar effect upon his feelings. He seemed so overjoyed by the manifestation of love and goodwill which the letter contained, that it was easy to imagine that it might have been the cause of his death."

There is something about the friendships of

youth and their lasting effects that are not found in the friendships of the later periods of life. Such friendships are so free from ostentation, and from sinister motives that it may be truly said of them that they come from the fountains of the heart. The peculiar circumstance herein narrated gives a beautiful illustration of the value of early friendships. They seem to grow and ripen with years and become more fervent in their nature. They are free of all taint of selfishness, surrounded by that purity from which they are really begotten. "Oh," said the good bishop, as he related this little story from the experiences of his life, "I don't know that that is really of much consequence." It does not take many events of that character in the association of men to portray that which is most beautiful and praiseworthy in life. It is a choice bit of reminiscence full of encouragement and help to those who cherish such memories in their own lives. The boyhood love that was begotten on a plow ripened as years went on into that brotherly love which the Great Master so warmly commended.

The character of James Jensen could not

be fully comprehended or appreciated without an appropriate reference at this place to the parents from whom he inherited the sturdy qualities of his manhood. "What of your mother," I asked. "She came to the Valleys and died here in Salt Lake City." "What have you to say of her," I asked. "She was a good, kind, helpful, loving mother. I was with her when she died. I remember so well her last words as I stood beside her bed. She raised both hands and exclaimed: 'James, I thank God for my children!'" What a beautiful illustration of a God-given, motherly instinct! How true she was to the God who had implanted within her the quality of motherhood! Was she proud of her children? Yes, more than that. In them she saw the fulfillment of a divine command. As she was just on the eve of returning to her God to give an account for the deeds done in the body, there loomed up before her mind that first great command of her Maker. She had kept well and conscientiously that divine injunction. For that she was grateful from the innermost depth of her heart. That one expression was the highest and best in her life. It was a grand



conception which she had of her life and her responsibility to her Maker. There was in those words a beautiful testimony of the divine mission of motherhood. "What about your father," I continued. "Well," he replied, "he was a good man and industrious. After he came to Utah he entered the employment of Isaac Groo. When my father died Isaac spoke at his funeral and took for his text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.' His confidence in my father's honesty, he expressed in the course of his remarks." Thus the father died with the greatest of all assets placed to his credit, that of being an honest man. The parents of James Jensen thus gave to their child a birthright more precious than worldly wealth, more enjoyable than the passing honors of their generation.

The early boyhood of the subject of this sketch closed in his native land at the age of sixteen. That early life was perhaps uneventful, but it contained some choice events however insignificant in themselves which make for the highest and best in human existence. There are in our days so many false ideals of life, so many evasions, so much shirking of

life's duty and the responsibility of life, that an industrious boyhood, containing a few circumstances so helpful in the subsequent experiences of life, is worth more than a passing consideration. It is more than an idle curiosity which prompts us to ask in the presence of a splendid manhood, To what was such a manhood due and what circumstances were foremost in unfolding it?

## CHAPTER II.

### IN THE HAND-CART COMPANY OF 1857.

The Jensen family left Copenhagen on the 18th of April, 1857, with a company of emigrants bound for Zion. The Gospel had awakened within the lives of that humble family a new hope, but however fond to their hearts the expectations of a new and better land were, they realized that trials and hardships would befall them. They had heard of the experiences of others, and in their humble homes they listened to the stories of the new movement to build up far in the distance in a desert land a new Zion to their God. Life in their native country was reduced then, as it is now, to the almost dead level of certainty. Every day was similar in all the experiences of the masses to all the days that had gone before it. The father had been, in the year 1848, drafted into the Danish army. For three years the responsibility and care of the home had been left to the determined and industrious mother.

It was therefore with some feelings of relief that they escaped many of the unpleasant experiences to which they had been subjected. Conditions could not be much worse. Besides they knew that the new land of America offered better and wider opportunities for material progress. It is difficult to imagine what emotions, hopes, and wonderments swayed the human heart in taking up the long and tedious journey which they must undergo.

The company crossed directly over from their native land to Hull in England, where they were transferred from the boat to the railway cars to continue their journey on to Liverpool, the headquarters of the Mormon Church in Europe in those days. At that great seaport city they were lodged in a cheap hotel in keeping with their material condition in life. As soon as preparations had been made, the company embarked upon the sailing ship *West Moreland*, whose captain's name was Deacon. The ship set sail on the 25th of April, and after five weeks reached its destination in Philadelphia on the 2nd of June.

Those early days about Philadelphia were most charming. The company was not long

in making ascent up the bay and river until a landing place was reached. If any place in the world could give a foreigner an exalted impression of America, it was the scenery about that city. A little circumstance which occurred as they made their way up the river showed the general temper of those foreigners who were seeking homes in a distant land. They passed on their way an American man-of-war; and as the emigrants beheld that emblem of national power, they raised their voices from the deck in loud intonations of cheers and hurrahs. The captain of the battleship returned a salute of welcome to the foreigners by firing the guns from the ship. It was an auspicious welcome and unpremeditated, as it was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm for their new fatherland.

They were now prepared to take their departure from the vessel on which they rejoiced, suffered, sung, and prayed together. Besides, as the West Moreland lay in the harbor at Liverpool, five young couples were married by a returning elder, whose name is given as John Kay. Their outburst of joy was soon turned to feelings of sadness by the unhappy

news that came to them of the assassination of Parley P. Pratt in Texas. Though not personally known to the emigrants, they were familiar with his writings. That wonderful book, "The Voice of Warning," had been a most potent factor in arousing within them a new religious life, and the conviction that the new message which it proclaimed came from God. However, they were prepared to take up their journey westward.

They were met by John Taylor and Angus M. Cannon on their landing in Philadelphia and directed and counseled by them in their future journey toward Zion. They were soon on their way, finally reaching Iowa City, the western terminus of the railroad in those early days. Upon reaching this place, they were escorted beyond the town a distance of three or four miles to a small grove through which a beautiful stream of water ran. Here was opened negotiations for their hand-carts, to which they were soon to hitch themselves in their journey across the plains. Much excitement naturally prevailed. The little money that the emigrants had at their command would not go far in the preparation for the journey

of thirteen hundred and thirty-four miles in the most difficult mode of travel. The inactive life on the vessel and railroad was soon changed into the most strenuous exertions required of men and women whose occupation was now to pull laboriously a rude two-wheeled wagon over the rolling hills of Iowa, through the sands of Nebraska, over the hills of Wyoming, and up over the plateaus, and through the mountains to the goal of their ambitions.

As the Saints of the hand-cart company, camped in the little grove a short distance from Iowa City, were carrying their preparations for the journey forward, they were naturally in a more or less feverish state of excitement. Their anxiety made them restless and hastened their movements beyond the point of judicious prudence. All that then lay before them was entirely new; the well-built and well-kept roads of their native country were wholly unlike the pioneer trails they were soon to follow. They hardly heeded the old adage "Well begun, half done." In the first place their organization was an unsatisfactory one. Their chosen leader, after Cowley had left them to join the mule

teams, was a Scotchman, who could not understand their language and who was more or less unsympathetic in his demeanor toward them. They were a band of converts, confiding, trusting, and hopeful. In their religious zeal they did not make calculations for the weaknesses of human nature and were therefore disappointed when they came to deal with the selfishness of some of their fellows. O. N. Liljenquist was appointed as assistant interpreter and accompanied the ox-teams and those emigrants whose methods of traveling were more pleasant.

At the outset, the Saints met their first serious trouble. In preparing the hand-carts it was the plan to make them as light as possible consistent with the load they had to carry. These hand-carts consisted of two wheels and a wooden axle over which a shaft was attached. Over the axle and shaft, strips of wood were laid so as to form a bottom. The bottom of the box was made of canvas which covered the wooden strips. As they journeyed along the way with these crude carts, they constructed bows and cover so as to provide



shelter from the sun and keep rain from the contents of the hand-carts.

Upon leaving their native land, the Saints brought with them the choicest of their household effects, which they believed they would be able to transport to their destination. There was extra clothing, some feather-beds, their best suits, some books and souvenirs which they dearly cherished. Much of this baggage had to be eliminated and it was not easy always to determine which they preferred to leave behind. They hoped that these treasures which their rude hand-carts would not contain, would be kept by some friend or some brother or sister, who would somehow or other forward them on to Zion. In such expectations, however, they were disappointed as these early treasures were so commingled that it was not easy to tell who the owner was. Cases of dire privations and suffering often made it necessary to use what was nearest at hand, so the effects often of one company of emigrants was laid under contribution to the necessities of those who followed. "We never heard any more about the things we left behind us," was the plaintive remark often heard from the lips

of the Saints, who, in Utah, often heartily wished they might come in possession of their cherished treasures. Some of these valuable possessions were sold, and the Saints, whether leaving their things to the care of some trusted person or whether selling them, shed tears of disappointment when they found themselves unable to take with them those little conveniences which they believed would be so helpful amid the hardships of their new pioneer homes.

However, four mule teams were provided for the company for the purpose of hauling part of their provisions and also the helpless and sick along the journey. This arrangement, though, gave rise to discontent, as the teams were often ahead of the hand-carts instead of behind them to support the men and women in their trying march across the rolling hills of Iowa. The Saints at the outset became disheartened because of their poorly-planned organization and because of the unfeeling manner in which they were treated by those in charge of the teams. The courage that comes from the spirit of good cheer and the exhilarating affects of a happy enthusiasm were wanting to the toilers of this hand-

cart company of 1857. Numbers of emigrants took sick along the road and of those quite a number died. Finally, the emigrants, driven to great extremity, made a collection of the little money that had been carefully treasured among them and purchased an ox-team, whose movements and assistance they could control. The ox-team was purchased from a passing farmer, and the sick and infirm emigrants were given such meagre accommodations as could be provided by this ox-team and wagon. It was to them a hospital, given in charge of C. C. A. Christensen. He relates that at times there were as many as twenty persons in the one wagon and that he himself walked the entire distance of 334 miles across Iowa to the Missouri River at Florence.

Florence at this time was a way-station at which new equipments were received and such preparations were made as the experience across Iowa had taught the Saints were necessary. Many of the Saints were disheartened and in their gloomy discouragement were illy prepared to take up the new march of a thousand miles which lay before them. Some few were unwilling to move forward under the un-

happy conditions which surrounded them thus far on their journey. Their leadership was wholly unsatisfactory. They needed some man in whom they had confidence, a man familiar with their language, their customs and their needs, a man who could awaken within them a new zeal and a helpful enthusiasm. Their needs were happily provided by one who fortunately met them at this time, a man whose name has always been held in loving remembrance by those who cheerfully accepted him as their leader and to whom they yielded their loyalty and devotion. While the Saints were at Florence, somewhat distracted over their past experiences, they were joined by a body of emigrants from Iowa and St. Louis. Among these emigrants was a Danish missionary who had been in Utah and who had been remembered with feelings of affection and admiration by the Saints in their native land before he had even emigrated to Zion. He was in the midst of his preparation to join the ox-team company of Saints. When the condition of the hand-cart company became known to the emigrant agent, James A. Little, this new leader, Christian Christiansen, was ap-

pointed to take charge of the hand-cart company. His appointment was hailed with delight. How helpful the spirit of good cheer and loving confidence is to the burdened soul was wonderfully manifested in the eagerness with which those Danish Saints renewed their journey.

Christiansen was a man with capacity to lead and to inspire confidence. He began at once to appoint the captains for the four divisions into which the company was organized. The company at this time consisted of 544 persons. They had, all-told, 68 hand-carts, 3 wagons, 10 mules, and 1 cow, but the cow did not long survive on the journey. The captains of this company were C. C. N. Dorius, Ferdinand Dorius, C. C. A. Christensen, and O. C. Olsen.

They left Florence on the 3rd of July on their march over the trails which the pioneers had made ten years before. The subject of this sketch was one of that band of toiling travelers. Misfortune overtook him and the rest of his family when only two miles out from Florence. They broke one of the wheels and were obliged to return for repairs. In

the midst of that band of emigrants might have been seen the elder Jensen and his family, toiling to move their two-wheeled vehicle over the sandy plains of Nebraska. The father and his son James constituted the wheel-team and younger brother and sister Karen were leaders. The mother pushed on the cart from the rear and opposite her a small boy seven years old trudged along, hanging to the cart and making his way the best he could. In that rude cart there lay, for some distance on the journey, the youngest child, a child between one and two years of age. The journey was indeed trying upon the infants who constituted a part of those emigrants. The little Sophia, by name, lay sick and suffering, and over its emaciated form the mother gazed in constant anxiety and with feelings of intense distress. She did all that lay in her power to provide it with such comfort as could be found upon such a journey. Her cares, her anxieties, and her tears proved futile; and when at last her little one succumbed, it was placed away in mother earth with only such provisions for burial as could be provided under such circumstances. A sieve was placed over its face

and its little form covered by the earth that was taken from its grave.

Their captain was compelled to make new arrangements as the Saints progressed on their journey. The burdens among them became, from one circumstance or another, more and more uneven. As men and women lost their strength their loads had to be lightened and the stronger were required to share the burdens of the weak. In this company were four girls, strong, hearty and happy. Their equipments were lighter than those families whose loads were incumbered by one or more small children. These good souls—their names would be recorded on these pages if they had been kept\*—have ever been held in grateful remembrance by those they so cheerfully and lovingly aided in their trying journey with hand-carts across the plains.

The first night on this journey was passed at Papio creek, where the conditions of the hand-cart company were more closely examined. An examination was made of the physical conditions of the emigrants. Their wise

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\* The names of two are, Christina Green, Mrs. Laurentzen (Lund).

captain and his counselors had before them the intense suffering of the hand-cart company which had crossed the plains the year before. The warning which the misfortunes of that company carried with it could not be disregarded and every effort was made to thin the ranks by requiring those who were not suitably prepared for the journey to return to Florence and await later opportunities to reach the Valleys.

Although the company had been furnished four mule teams to be used for the support of the emigrants, those in charge of the teams were still unmindful of their duties to their plodding brethren and sisters. They continued to go ahead instead of remaining behind and were therefore a source perhaps of as much annoyance as they were of assistance. There were aged people and those in poor health who had to be turned back, eager as they were to proceed and willing as they were to take their chances against the certain failure that lay before them. Among those turned back was a Swede by the name of Hulberg. He had a wife and two small children; and believing that the wife was too feeble for the



journey, he was advised to remain in Florence. The disappointment was more than he could endure, and after the company had started on he determined to proceed in its rear undetected until it would be too late for him to look backward. After the company had traveled a distance of fifty miles, he again joined it. Much of the way he had carried his children and even his wife upon the cart which he was able to pull by means of his superior strength and irresistible desire to reach the land of Zion.

On the 9th of July the company reached the Elkhorn River and were soon carried across the stream. Two days later they reached the Platte and on the 16th came to Loup Fork, one of the tributaries of that river. Here a more difficult and somewhat dangerous experience awaited the emigrants. The river at the point where they were to ford it was nearly a mile wide. Its frequent sand-bars and quick-sands and deep holes made it necessary to secure reliable guides across the stream. For this purpose Indians familiar with the stream were brought into service. It was necessary to raise the boxes of the wagons so as not to

damage their contents and to hitch to each of them something like ten yoke of oxen. The empty hand-carts were pulled across, by the strongest members of the company, and the women folk were placed on the backs of horses behind the Indians where they were often compelled to cling to the nude bodies of their protectors and guides. Speaking of his experience at Loup Fork, James says that in his hand-cart the little children were placed, and that when in the deepest parts of the stream the water raised so high that there was barely enough room for the children to breath above the current of the water in which they were sitting in the space below the cover. The task at Loup Fork was full of difficulties and required something like two days to accomplish. The good captain used every precaution to keep those who were wading in the stream from being swept down by its swift current. It was even necessary to shift their course, as the quick-sand changed the bed of the stream, in order to avoid the deep places which had been cut out in that treacherous river. No accidents occurred; they all re-

joined in the good fortune which their care and prudence had vouchsafed to them.

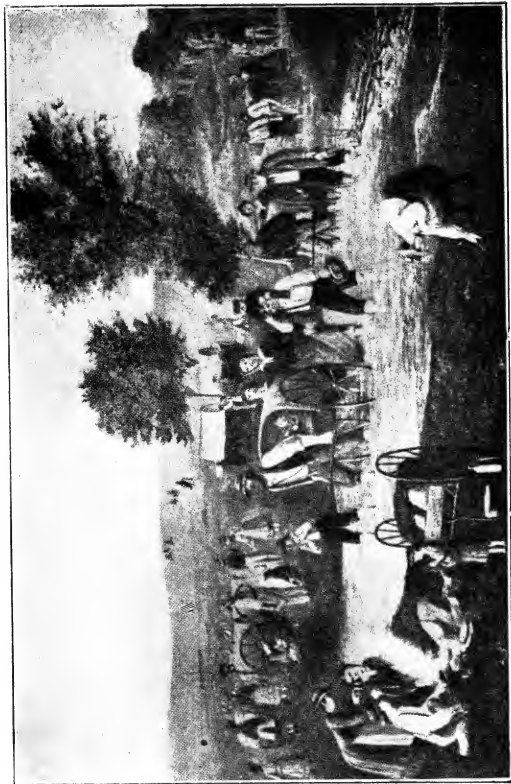
At this point N. V. Jones and others were engaged in the erection of houses so as to afford a settlement from which the passing emigrants might obtain supplies and where those who through sickness or other reasons were unable to continue their journey might receive support. Two families from this company on account of sickness were obliged to remain in the new settlement on Loup Fork.

During the journey care had to be observed in safe-guarding emigrants against the dangers of a water famine. It is true that they remained not far in their course from the Platte River. Sometimes, however, it was necessary to move inland in order to obtain better roads, and special precaution had to be taken to reach regularly at night some suitable watering place. The 19th of July was a memorable day in the company's experiences. Through the deep sands and up and down the hills they pulled their hand-carts a distance of seventeen miles. The struggling efforts of human beings under such conditions are almost impossible to imagine. It was a severe strain upon the physical

strength of the men and women who toiled almost to the point of exhaustion. Indeed, some of the emigrants were so overcome by the superhuman efforts required of them that they fell exhausted by the way-side and were unable to reach the camp at night. All day long they had toiled without water. Their thirst became almost unbearable when at night, in their failure to find a watering place, they were compelled to lie down in their famished condition. They brought up those from the rear, and the following day the company reached Wood River in a famished condition and in a spirit of gratitude and prayer.

These hand-cart companies were made up of all classes. They were not picked men as those were who constituted the first pioneers, and it may truthfully be said of them that their heroic efforts beyond question surpassed perhaps any other journey known in the history of the world. The tasks of the women were of course not completed at the close of the day's journey. Food had to be prepared, children cared for by the loving ministrations of devoted mothers. Women were not infrequently in a delicate condition. At Wood River, the





HAND-CART COMPANY, 1857.

*From painting by C. C. A. Christensen.*

wife of Niels Sorensen, after the exhausting journey and in a famished condition, gave birth to a baby girl. She had retired into the brush where her accouchment was accomplished by the aid of devoted friends. So delicately was the matter treated that the circumstances of the new birth were unknown to most of the company. On the morning following she appeared again with her infant in her apron ready to pursue the journey. She had not murmured; her courageous and devoted soul knew no obstacles to the goal of her ambition. However, the tender regard that was felt for her in such trying circumstances led to the preparation of such comforts as could be provided on such a journey, and she was placed in one of the wagons where she remained until able again to take up her march in the line of the hand-cart train. The home of that noble mother was later located in Monroe, Sevier county, where the child grew up to womanhood and became, in time, a grandmother. She is still a resident of the town.

As the summer advanced, the watering places became more scarce. Only those who have felt the famished condition that comes

from hours of toil without the aid of water to quench the thirst and moisten the parched lips of the traveler, can even imagine the sufferings which the traveler must undergo. Strong men felt the hardship and suffering from the heat and the burning sun under which they laboriously struggled, hitched to their wagons. On the 3rd of August, one of their number, a man only thirty-six years old, succumbed. His feet became so swollen that it was impossible for him to walk. "We got him into the hind end of a wagon but he died before we reached camp and water."

On the 9th of August the hand-cart company of 1857 reached Fort Laramie on the Platte River on the north side of which they camped but a short time. Here new conditions of traveling awaited them. They were soon to enter the Black Hills. Leaving the river, the task of obtaining water became more hazardous, although the grass and the cedar wood were more abundant. While traveling through these hills they one day unknowingly passed the only watering place to be found along that day's journey. To add to their discomfiture, they were obliged to pass the night in their famished con-



dition without even the shelter of the tents which had been carried on in the wagons by thoughtless men who were over-anxious to reach their destination, and who often neglected the burdened Saints in these long stretches of travel over the rolling hills and difficult roads. Here one of the aged Saints, father of the Folkman brothers, was lost. For a whole day a search was kept up to find him. He had ventured on what he thought was a cut-off that he might quench his thirst by water which he hoped to find. In his famished and exhausted condition he was discovered by some trappers who kindly brought him back to the company from which he had wandered.

As might naturally be expected, the wardrobe of the hand-cart company was very much limited. Those tiny wagons were insufficient to provide the necessary supply of food. The wear and tear on such a journey gave their clothing the appearance of destitution. Perhaps the most tolerable circumstance which made them more or less indifferent to their appearance was the fact that they were all on equal footing. However, they were not without hope and consequently felt the enjoyment

that comes from the expectation of better days. Their enthusiasm often broke out in songs and peals of mirth.

It would be strange indeed, if in such a company some amusement did not come from instances of a mirth promoting character. James, in his native land, had never known such a thing as a prickly-pear. His introduction to this peculiar inhabitant of the deserts and plains made a somewhat lasting impression upon him. On such a journey shoes would be the first article of clothing to yield to the excessive use to which they were put. When the company reached the upper waters of the Platte in the uplands of Wyoming, they were indeed quite generally a barefooted band of pilgrims. If their feet were protected, it was because of all sorts of devices to which they resorted to make their leather the most serviceable. James, now sixteen years of age, was the wheel-man in the team opposite his father. During those long, tedious days over the parched land, they found themselves in want of suitable water and sometimes without any liquid whatever to quench their thirst. He relates that one evening he started out with oth-

ers in search of water. The prickly-pears could not be seen while he was making his way back to the camp after nightfall, and his feet clad in old socks to which his mother had sewed canvas soles were often planted on the thorny points of these desert plants, which produced the most painful sensation. Those who have known something of this prince of briars will appreciate the excruciating pain from which the emigrants suffered when they came in contact with them. "On my return to the camp," he says, "I was unable to pick my way. One of my feet would no longer endure the pain. I was obliged to stop and remove the prickly-pears from my feet. Once they were so bad I was obliged to sit down to remove them. To my horrified surprise I sat on a bunch of prickly-pears." The predicament was so unusual, the surprise so painful, that the circumstance has always remained a land-mark in his recollections of those hand-cart days.

The above circumstance was perhaps not so mirth provoking as one which is related of an old man whose sense of smell had been completely destroyed. He had wandered some distance from the company when he ran across

what was to him a strange and peculiar animal. May be it was suitable for food; he did not know. However, he would make the experiment, kill it if he could, and let those in camp say whether, from their knowledge of it and their experiences in the wild west, it was fit for human consumption. Taking his cane he pursued the animal until it was overtaken, and by the blows which he rendered, it was finally killed. He threw the little striped animal over his shoulder and started for the company, with the game he had procured. Sometime before he reached the midst of his friends he discovered them retreating in horror. The skunk which had not disturbed him in the least was detestable to the sense of smell of his friends. The old man was saturated by the odor; his presence was unbearable. A change of clothing where no extra clothing was to be had could not relieve the situation. After reaching Deer Creek station, where the old gentleman met his son, he remained over for the rest of the season and later came on to the Valleys.

At Deer Creek, a number of Mormons were busily engaged in erecting a station for the ac-

commodation of emigrants and for the express company which at that time was established between the Missouri River and Great Salt Lake City. This station, however, was abandoned on the approach of the army. It may here be said that while the Saints were pulling their rude hand-carts on the north side of the river, the soldiers of the United States army were marching along the south bank to put down a rebellion in Utah, a rebellion that had no other existence than in the imagination of those who had received with credulity the utterly false reports sent out to create enmity toward the Mormon people. What the soldiers and the officers thought of this motley company, the hand-cart train of men and women, we are not permitted to know. Marching against those, whose religious devotion and self-sacrifice were so manifest, must have, however, often appealed to the more intelligent soldiers as something both contradictory and absurd. The commissary train of the army, however, much of the way moved along the north bank of the river, sometimes close to the hand-cart company. Nothing of an unpleasant nature occurred. The provisions of the army were ample and the soldiers

enjoyed an abundance of food, while their hand-cart traveling companions were often in dire distress. The bacon that the company brought with it from the Missouri River soon became wholly unfit for use, a stench in the nostrils of the Saints, and they were finally obliged to throw much of it away.

One circumstance, however, of the journey of the commissary is called to mind when it reached the Sweet Water. There one of Uncle Sam's fat oxen had one of its feet crushed by a wagon which ran over it. In that condition it was of course thought unfit by the captain for the food of his men. "He walked up to where we were standing, and in a half-joking manner said, 'You may have that ox, I guess you need it.'" The emigrants were not at that time in a physical condition to discuss matters of hygiene. For several weeks they had been without meat and their supply of flour was so low that they had been compelled to re-divide their rations. It was remarkable that although they passed through large herds of buffaloes on the plains they did not venture to kill any of them. They were afraid, they said, of the stampede that might ensue and the trouble

which might come to them. The fact is, no doubt, that the emigrants were not hunters, that they had little or no ammunition, and were therefore not in a position to enjoy a supply of suitable meat which they might have had, had they been more frontiersmen than emigrants from Scandinavia.

As they began to ascend the eastern plateau of the Rock Mountains they met teams bringing on supplies of flour which they had the opportunity to purchase. They gave in security their hand-cart equipments; and the obligation which they assumed to pay for the flour which had been sent to their relief meant in return the help they would be able to give in days to come to other emigrants in need of assistance. They needed 9,200 pounds, they estimated, to carry them on the remainder of the journey of 300 miles to Salt Lake. The supply was insufficient, however, and at Fort Bridger, they were again obliged to take in a new supply.

“On the 22nd of August we arrived at Devil’s Gate, and finally, when within about thirty miles of Salt Lake City we were met by teams that brought for our nourishment bread, cake,

and fruit. Among the sick and those well-nigh worn out, the fruit was divided as a delicacy." These provisions not only gave strength to the bodies that were already greatly emaciated from the long journey over the plains, but filled their hearts with courage and gave them the assurance of the loving welcome they would receive when they clasped the hands of their brothers and sisters in their new homes. The closing scene of that memorable journey brought about a test between human endurance and the endurance of the animals, the mule teams, which had been assigned to the help of the emigrants on the journey. Wearied though the emigrants were, they reached their destination in a better condition than the mule teams which were so well inured to hardships. "When we came to the last steep hills of the mountain sides, our mules were so weak that the emigrants were obliged to help them over by the aid of ropes. On the 13th of September, a Sunday, we marched with feelings of thankfulness and grand expectations into the city of the Saints. One out of every ten of our number died on the journey."

Thus ended the march of the hand-cart com-



pany of 1857. It is perhaps to be regretted that more detailed information and more accurate feelings and thoughts of the Saints under these trying conditions have not come down to us. Perhaps it is well that the veil has been drawn tenderly and mercifully over so many of the events that were, no doubt, in all the history of our pioneer days the most touching. It is not too much to say that had those bands of sturdy enthusiastic emigrants not possessed the courage that comes from religious hope, most of them would have lain down by the roadside and passed into eternity long before it was possible to reach the goal of their religious ambition.

## CHAPTER III.

## EARLY LIFE IN UTAH

James Jensen, who arrived in Utah with his parents on September 13, 1857, was one of many thousands of emigrants who looked upon the valley of the Great Salt Lake with joyful anticipations. The conditions which then surrounded him were unlike those familiar scenes of his native land. The arrival of emigrants ten years after the pioneers had discovered the mountain fastnesses which was to be their future home had already become a commonplace event. The surroundings of the emigrants were all strange, the labor was new, and social conditions were peculiar to American life rather than to the life of those who came from foreign countries, especially from Scandinavia.

The emigrants, however, found in their brothers and sisters in Salt Lake Valley a friendship and interest which gave encouragement and hope to the new-comers. Every effort was made to provide them with the

special care of some kind friend who would introduce them to the new life they were about to undertake. "Bishop Taft of the 9th ward," said the subject of this sketch, "offered his fatherly counsel and aid in behalf of my father and his family. He was a kind-hearted, good man, and we have always respected him highly for the interest he manifested toward us. He provided what work he could, turned over to us a five-acre piece of land to cultivate, and taught us how to haul wood with his ox-team from the canyon. We had never been familiar with the work peculiar to the people in those days. My father had really never seen a yoke of oxen hitched together for service. He may therefore be excused if he put the yoke on upside down. However, we were not long in adapting ourselves to our new employment and we took up our tasks in a vigorous manner."

In those days the old fort in the southwest part of the city had been abandoned. At different places around the city part of the old mud walls, which were intended to make it a fort, could still be seen. The fields in those days extended as far north as ninth south.

The houses generally were small and made of adobes. Speaking of the condition of the soil, Bishop Jensen says that it was not considered very good southeast of the city. "East of Liberty Park it consisted largely of a hard clay and had to be worked and manured before it could be made very productive."

In the old country the father had owned a home which he sold for eight hundred dollars. That amount was insufficient to bring the family to Zion. The father was here with a large family with just such scanty clothing and comforts as could be brought in a hand-cart. Rented houses in those days were quite out of the question. The emigrants began at once to construct such habitations as limited opportunities and time enabled them to erect. The father, therefore, entered into an arrangement with one, Hans Christenson, by which the two purchased jointly a house of two rooms for their two families in the 10th ward of the city. "Such accommodations were meagre, but they provided," said the good Bishop, "more room than we had furniture to occupy. The crop of that year was fairly good. My father and I worked in the fields

and on the canal, while my mother and sister gleaned wheat. Together we rejoiced in the plentiful supply that came to us. One side of our room was set apart as a wheat-bin."

He had not been long in his new home when he was pressed into military service. The army, whose march he had witnessed along the Platte River, was held back in the Rocky Mountains until an appeal could be made to the Federal Government to make an examination of actual conditions in Utah. At that time James Jensen was a boy of only sixteen. He was hardly familiar with the language, but he accepted the call to the front and was enlisted in Walker's Company in the so-called Echo Canyon war.

It was in the winter season, provisions were scanty, and the means of comfort were meagre. Much of the work of the soldiers in those days consisted of guard duty. "I was detailed," he said, "to night guard and my shift was from 11:00 p. m. to 2:00 a. m. We were not permitted to walk to and fro as guards in the regular service now move when on duty. We were obliged to lie down so as to keep ourselves concealed from the enemy. The guard

was often placed at a considerable distance up the mountain on a ridge or on some prominent point for observation while his companions of the night guard slept on the ground farther down the hillside in some secluded spot that protected them as much as possible from the cold winds. I was an old country boy and did not of course understand what it all meant. It was so strange, the country was wild and weird, and I often naturally became frightened because of my strange situation in the lonely mountains where we were threatened by an army that had been sent up against us. It is not difficult under such circumstances for the imagination to change all sorts of objects, rocks, trees, and bushes into soldiers and moving armies."

Not only were the surroundings strange to this emigrant boy, but the movements were often beyond his understanding and he was in the midst of those who spoke to him a strange language. The orders of his superiors were often either misunderstood or not comprehended. He was among those who marched around the hillside, up and down, to and fro, across the country that their numbers might be exag-

gerated in the fears and minds of the army. Some of the generals and the new governor thought the mountains were full of men, and Johnston's army was therefore restrained by the fear which such tactics created within them.

There was a striking contrast in the comforts of the soldiers of the government and that anxious band of volunteers who were holding back an invading army till the President could learn the truth of the statements upon which he had hastily acted. The former had provisions at that time in wasteful abundance; the latter, not unfrequently, felt the pangs of hunger, and the best they had was a scanty supply and a limited variety. This young Danish boy had not yet learned to adjust himself to a mountaineer's life. "About the best meal I ever ate," he related, "was after a period during which we were without food. I looked up an empty flour sack, turned it inside out, and carefully brushed from it every particle of flour. The little I could get I mixed with some water so as to make a pancake which I cooked on the coals. It made

me a delicious meal for which I was very grateful."

As soon as the winter's campaign in Echo Canyon was ended, the boy returned to his home—the home where he expected the greetings of loving and anxious parents. To his surprise it had been deserted. The father and family with their old friend, the hand-cart, had joined the Move southward and had located in Lehi. Neighbors had also left their homes. While he stood in the midst of the desolate scene which surrounded him, he felt the sadness and loneliness of his disappointed hopes. While anxiously viewing the situation and wondering what move to make next, his father appeared with the hand-cart. The boy joined him on his return to Lehi where the family had located a new home. Here he was occupied for some time in the construction of a dam which made the mill-pond for the water power of the old Mulner mill where later the great Lehi Sugar Factory was built.

Next year the Saints returned to Salt Lake City. "We sold our home," said Bishop Jensen, "for a few yards of calico and returned to Salt Lake, where we bought out Hans Chris-



tensen's interest in the home he and my father had jointly purchased. We now had a house of two rooms, more room than we knew what to do with." The enlarged home became the center of a family life which James enjoyed until he reached the twenty-fourth year of his manhood. About it his early affections centered, and the industrious life of its inmates soon began to bring some measure of comfort and independence. Each year brought more conveniences, better accommodations, and a higher standard of living. "We lived," he said, "in those times very much as our neighbors lived; the articles of our food were, of course, limited. Our diet consisted chiefly of bread, and of molasses which my mother made from beets. Butter, in the beginning, we made out of squash, and in time we came to enjoy the use of meat which in earlier days had been very scarce. Our clothing was all home-made. My mother spun the wool, but my father who was used to the loom, wove the cloth; and when we compared our circumstances with those of our neighbors, I think we did very well."

After the old home life had been resumed,

the Jensen family made new friends and found new occupations. The Bishop of the ward in those days was more familiar than he is now with the condition of every family entrusted to his care. His paternal responsibility brought him into intimate relations with this little flock. Those were days, too, of great anxiety; they were days when the people were constantly reminded of their helpless, dependent condition. The grasshopper and other insects and thousands of difficulties in an undeveloped land made them feel doubly dependent on the Lord they had chosen to worship. "Pettigrew," he said, "was our Bishop and we often worked his ox-team on shares. He was a good man and manifested great confidence towards us. I remember in our relations with Bishop Pettigrew that on one occasion he lost his yoke of oxen. It was his custom to go in the evening at the close of the labors of the day to the meetinghouse to pray; men sought then divine aid for their immediate needs, divine help in extracting them from difficulties peculiar to those times. Our good Bishop, therefore, prayed about his oxen. He sincerely believed that the Lord would help him

to find them. He came to me next morning after thus engaging in prayer and said, 'James, I have had a dream in which I was shown that you had found my team, and I wish therefore that you would go in search of them.' In response to the Bishop's request I set out in the morning for a place called Dry Creek. As I went up the canyon I reached the forks of the road; one went to the right, the other to the left. I did not know which one to take; I therefore knelt down and asked the Lord to direct me and when I arose I followed the impression that came over me and took a direct line to the place where the cattle which Bishop Pettigrew had lost were feeding. I turned them back and reached the Bishop's home with the cattle by noon that day." The exhibition of such faith, the simplicity of such worship, the sincere heartfelt reliance on the guidance of a divine being characterized the faithful men and women of those times. In such manifestations of faith it is easy to comprehend the fervent and devoted lives of the men and women whose wonderful faith then made the desert blossom like the rose. The simple life and heartfelt devotion of those early days re-

veal to us the process by which the character and lives of such men as James Jensen have been developed.

About this time there came to this young man a new employment. Brigham Young was an excellent judge of men; and those whose aid he sought, whose counsel he needed were gathered around to promote his own individual interests as well as the general good of the Church. Men who thus came into his employ were those whose worthiness had come to his attention and whose reputation made them desirable in his service. The young man now began his first employment under Brigham Young in City Creek Canyon about six miles from the limits of the city. Here he engaged in hauling logs to President Young's sawmill. He was no longer a novice in the work and was already familiar with canyon life. "Le Grande Young," he says, "was in those days the foreman of the mill. He was a splendid boss," he continued, "and always manifested a sympathetic feeling for the welfare of the men. I can well remember how he insisted that we should be well cared for and that we have plenty of good food to eat. The

boys all learned to like Le Grande, for they considered him one of them. I remember on one occasion that President Young came to the mill to see how the work was getting on. I happened to be there with my load then, and was in the act of rolling off the logs, when President Young shouted, 'Stop, James, and I will show you how to get that log off in an easier way.' He mounted the wagon, arranged the blocks, and taught me something new. I thought at that time I was a very good hand at that kind of work, but I appreciated the lesson which I learned from our leader who knew a great deal more about unloading logs than I did."

Not many years had elapsed before this young man was thoroughly initiated into his new life. If he made his labors profitable to others, it is quite natural that he soon came to learn that they could be made profitable to himself. He therefore left the city for a season and labored at Willow Springs in Nevada. Here he accumulated money sufficient to buy himself a yoke of cattle. He was now a capitalist with property of his own and dreamed dreams of future progress. He saw openings before

him, new opportunities to make money, and to get on in the world. However, his devotion to his religion and the needs of the Church were always uppermost in his mind. He was therefore ready for any call that might come to him, and in the spring of 1862 the new call came. Men and teams were badly needed to bring the emigrants from the frontier on the Missouri River to the Valleys of the Mountains. He had a good team and it was needed and placed at the service of the Bishop, who sent it that year to bring out the emigrants. The boy was again compelled to take up his work single-handed. However, he was not disheartened and did not complain. He set his hand to work at whatever could be found to do and worked that season for Brigham Young. When the company returned, one of his oxen was missing. As soon as possible he purchased a new animal to complete his team.

Men were not allowed in those days to neglect the general requirements of the Church. In the summer of '63 its needs were as great as in preceding years. "This time," he says, "I was not only required to furnish a team but was asked to go myself. I had assigned to me

a team of four yoke of oxen, three yoke consisted of steers that gave me a great deal of trouble in the beginning. I remember that when we left the city we made our way up Parley's Canyon. When we reached a place just beyond Hardy's Ranch, my team became unmanageable and finally tipped over my wagon and scattered the provisions about on the ground. John Wooley of Centerville was the captain of our company, and I remember how greatly he was annoyed at what he evidently thought was my stupidity in permitting my team to get the best of me. The team was large and though I had had much experience in breaking steers, I no doubt appeared somewhat awkward to the captain. On reaching the Missouri River we were obliged to remain six weeks waiting for a company of emigrants. As soon as they arrived we began our journey to the Valleys."

"Of course there were many novel and curious experiences in such emigrant trains. The teamsters were already initiated into frontier life and they were familiar with their animals and the methods of their employment. The emigrants were bewildered. The new life

was all strange to them, and it was not easy to blend their peculiar thoughts and feelings with those of the teamsters. Often the teamsters were rough and uncouth and reckless in their manners. Sometimes there were among the Saints men and women of very peculiar dispositions; some were contrary, others were stubborn or obstinate, and they often gave the captain a great deal of trouble. I remember," he continued, "when we got in the Black Hills that one of the women became very arbitrary and the teamster with whom she was riding found it very difficult to get along with her. He sometimes wished her to walk uphill; and on one occasion, when the road ahead of him was steep and heavy, he asked her to get out of the wagon and walk up the hill. Instead of going along with the team, she turned and went back down the hill. It was believed that she would come along with the others, but the next morning she was missing. Immediately, four of the guards were sent back in search of her. Among them I remember one, Nathan Davis. A considerable time was given to search for her, when at last she was found and put in



charge of another train that was coming on to the Valleys."

When relating these circumstances, the Bishop was reminded of another instance which turns some light upon the difficulties that the captains and emigrants often encountered in dealing with some very peculiar and often ugly dispositions of some testy emigrants. "With one of the trains," he said, "there was a woman, the wife of a man whose name was Grundvigson, who gave her husband unceasing trouble along the way. Finally in a fit of anger she declared that she would rather live with the Indians than to continue with him. Not long after this outburst of anger, a number of Indians came along, seized the woman, and before they could be restrained, galloped off with their captive. Every effort was made to learn of her whereabouts, and I remember that Brigham Young did all that he could to recover her. It was stated that after some years of captivity, she finally married an Indian chief but she was never returned to her husband who subsequently married again."

It was during this return trip from the Missouri River that Joseph F. Smith returned from

his mission to Europe. He had already served as a missionary on the Sandwich Islands. The returning elder was appointed chaplain of the company and at once began to interest himself in the spiritual welfare of the teamsters, some of whom were in a large measure the victims of a reckless spirit, characteristic of frontier life. These young men, faithful in the laborious duties which they had to perform, were often indifferent in their religious duties. There was a disposition among them to get all the pleasure they could out of every employment. They indulged in excessive jest and saw the ridiculous side of things where ridicule could be found. Their chaplain finally determined to ask the teamsters to take turn in praying. "I was the first one called," said James Jensen, "and made the effort according to my best understanding. After I had finished, and was later alone with the teamsters, they jestingly wanted to know in what language I had been praying. I suppose I stammered, and perhaps felt in my embarrassment the jesting I was likely to meet. However, the chaplain did not succeed after that, as I remember, in getting another teamster to pray; the prayers were

all conducted by himself and the emigrants."

On his return to the city he took up again his religious duties and accepted such employment as those times opened to him. In the 10th ward he served as a deacon, kept the house clean and in order, and performed that old-time duty of the deacon to snuff the candles which soon became dim if not thus attended to. The candles that mothers used to make in those days were comparatively useless without the accompanying snuffer.

After sundry occupations the young man found employment with Cooley of Grantsville, whose business it was, in those days, to freight provisions from Camp Floyd, south of Salt Lake City, to Fort Hall, some distance north of Pocatello in Idaho. Idaho, then, had not been settled.

It was not long before James again put himself in a more independent condition. He purchased two yoke of cattle and began to haul wood from the canyons. In the winter of 1864 he went every morning to Parley's Canyon, where he slid down over the snow, wood to be hauled out the following spring. Out of this employment and the wood sold he obtained

about \$1,500. He began to feel now that he was a rich man, so he concluded to marry, and bought him a lot and secured a fine team of horses. On the 21st of September, 1865 he was united in wedlock to M. J. Petrina Sorenson. Her father, who was a pilot, had been drowned off the coast of Denmark at the mouth of a river, and her mother subsequently married a man by the name of Jensen.

For the young man life now took on additional responsibility. He began at once the construction of a home, an adobe house consisting of one room and a pantry. The adobes for the house he made on the lot where it stood. His wife was equally industrious; from the wool of the sheep she made clothing, wove carpets, and from magazines she cut pictures and had them framed for the decoration of her home.

It was not long before he was again sought by President Young for his services on the President's farm. Here he continued to labor for two years. One day while he was sowing wheat broadcast over the land he was occupied in tilling, a neighbor shouted over the fence the information that he had been called



M. J. PETRINA JENSEN.



on a mission. It was in early times that men were called without a moment's notice. They were minute men in the service of their Master. The young man at this season of the year, 1867, changed his busy life in the wild and unredeemed West for a new experience in the missionary field. At that time a prompt response and an obedient heart were the foremost qualifications in the ministry of the Church. He knew something of the missionary life of the elders who had brought the Gospel to his father's home. It was an honor, therefore, to receive a call to carry a message that meant so much to those who honestly received it and faithfully pursued its requirements. He did not stop for the harvest; he let out his crops to be harvested by others; sold his horses; and took up the occupation to which he had been called in the same faithful manner that he pursued every other vocation of life.

## CHAPTER IV.

## ON A MISSION

Called from the field, Elder Jensen set out upon his mission, which was to last something like thirty-nine months, on the 11th of May, 1867. The good wife left behind had moved to her parents where she lived during her husband's absence.

"Before I left for my mission, my young wife, who was only twenty years old then, devoted herself industriously to my welfare and comfort. She was very economical and made the best of whatever came to her care. From the wool that came from the sheep's back she carded rolls, spun yarn, and wove cloth. She made my vest and pants and a tailor made my coat. Of that suit I was proud. I thought it becoming to me and I prized it highly because it was the workmanship of loving and devoted hands."

In those days, the elders generally availed themselves of the opportunities to join some



of the overland trains which were engaged in freighting from the terminus of the railroad to Salt Lake City. On this occasion John Sharp Jr. was the captain of the train with which the elders traveled. In the company with Elder Jensen were Karl G. Maeser, on his way to Switzerland; James Johnson, Samuel Peterson, George K. Reese, and C. F. Fjelsted bound for Scandinavia. Among those for England were Willard Richards, Levi Richards and Dr. Joseph Richards. These trains often freighted grain to stations along the way where it could be used in the service of the overland mail.

The spring of 1867 had perhaps the greatest rainfall ever known up to that time. The streams were greatly swollen and great difficulty was experienced in getting the large ox-team trains over. It not unfrequently happened that as many as twelve yoke of oxen were detailed to the conveyance of a single wagon across rivers, etc. When the company reached Yellow Creek they were met by Captain Hooper who was on his way home from Washington where he had been serving as a delegate in Congress.

The travel westward by team in the early

60's was made difficult and dangerous by the frequent hostilities of the red men. Some of the stations along the route had to be guarded by militia, and precautions were taken by the government to protect the lives of the travelers. So bad that year were the Indians that when the company reached Fort Bridger the question of continuing the journey was seriously discussed. Some of the teamsters wanted to return, as they were unwilling to hazard their lives and property among the marauding Indians. Fort Bridger was one hundred and twenty-three miles from Great Salt Lake City; and Green, River one hundred and eighty miles. The distance covered was considerable, and loss would accrue if the company did not continue the journey. The influence of the missionaries was thrown into the balance in favor of an onward march, and the company therefore plunged into the midst of a country which was largely at the mercy of plundering bands of Indians. "June 7th," said Elder Jensen, "was, up to that time, the saddest day of my life. While we were encamped, the Indians sallied out from their places of concealment and made an attack up-

on us. We all rushed to the rescue of our stock, and were on the point of abandoning the train altogether, when the presence of mind of Elder Karl G. Maeser saved the situation. He called back a number, sufficient to protect the wagons, while the balance continued their pursuit. One of the men, Christian Jensen by name, was shot through the arm which the arrow pinned to his body. A second arrow pierced his body in front of the other arm and a bullet from the gun of one of the Indians killed him. The red men jumped from their horses to secure the scalp, when a shot from a negro, one of the company, struck close to the Indians who were frightened away without consummating their fiendish practice.

“We buried the man, and over his grave we built a fire to mislead the Indians, who, we believed would return, exhume the body, and remove the scalp.

“The death of my traveling companion, who bore the same name as myself, gave rise to a most painful report which reached my wife, to the effect that I had been killed. Heber C. Kimball Jr., who dispatched the message was not aware that there was any other Jensen in

the train. Jensen had come from Brigham City and joined our company at Echo Canyon. He was on his way to secure a thresher. When we reached Sulphur Springs after this painful episode, we remained for a short time waiting for a mule team company that was to accompany us farther on our journey.

“On the 27th of June we arrived at Poll Creek where we came upon the construction crew of the Union Pacific Railroad. On the 29th of the same month we saw the first train of that road loaded with timber. On the 30th we reached Julesburg, the terminus of the railroad at that time. Here we separated from the company of freighters and I sent my revolver and bedclothes home. We took train at Julesburg and traveled a distance of three hundred and ninety miles to Omaha, a distance which we covered in twenty-one hours, traveling at an average speed of eighteen and four-sevenths miles per hour. We continued our journey by railroad from Omaha to Chicago at a cost of seventeen dollars, and from Chicago to New York for twenty dollars. In New York preparations were imme-

diately begun preparatory to transportation across the Atlantic."

At that time the emigration companies were large and the elders going and coming from their missions met friends along the way and renewed their old associations. At New York the outgoing elders met Orson Pratt, Brigham Young Jr., and John W. Young who were on their way home from England. After Elder Jensen completed his preparations, he set sail from New York on the 13th of July on the boat Manhattan for Liverpool. At that time he was suffering from some diseased condition of his eyes which compelled him to remain in a dark room.

On the 26th of July, the elders reached Liverpool where they were met by Franklin D. Richards, C. W. Penrose, and William Preston who came out to meet the ship as it made its way up the Mersey. On the 27th, the day following, the Scandinavian elders took train for Hull. From Hull they sailed to Hamburg and by rail went to Kiel, thence over the Baltic to Corsor, where they took the train for Copenhagen.

At that time President Widerborg was in

charge of the Scandinavian mission. Elder Jensen, upon his return to the land of his nativity, was naturally anxious to meet, as early as possible, his relatives and friends from whom he parted in 1857, just ten years before. In his native town of Haugerup he enjoyed himself for a short time in the society of his old-time friends and of his relatives. He had left Denmark in 1857, a boy of sixteen, unfamiliar with the ways of the world, inexperienced, and under the direction of his parents. Ten years later he returned a man, an elder in the Mormon Church, who could speak with interest of his experiences. His ideas had been enlarged and his capabilities increased, so that he was entrusted with the responsibility of carrying the Gospel message to the nations of the earth. He was naturally somewhat an object of interest and some curiosity. His position was in the mind of the world a more dignified one and his determination to magnify his calling naturally gave him a sense of the general fitness of things. His missionary labors began on the mainland, called Jutland. His missionary experiences during the latter part of 1867 were confined largely to Fredericia and Veile.

One of his earliest experiences was to secure a schoolhouse through the assistance of the teacher, who subsequently regretted the rashness of this act in consenting to permit the Mormons to use it. In order to be more at peace with his own conscience and secure himself against public criticism, he demanded that the elders preach only from the Bible. To this they consented. At the close of the meeting the teacher, who had been greatly surprised, arose and bore witness to the Scriptural truths which they had taught.

In the early years of the Scandinavian mission, the Gospel took a ready hold upon the hearts of many people. It had at the same time awakened bitterness in the hearts of others. The message which the elders brought occasionally caused some dissension in families. Speaking of one circumstance he said: "It had been some time since I had had an opportunity to write my wife at home. We were invited to the house of a man who had joined the Church, but whose wife was so bitter that she would neither permit me to write a letter, or to have any food in her house. I remember that I was so hungry that I sought the first

opportunity to satisfy myself by eating raw potatoes.”

“We had not been long active in our missionary efforts before the priests began to insist that we be not permitted to occupy the school-houses. We therefore made such arrangements as we could to hold meetings in public houses and in such halls as we could rent. I was assigned to labor in a conference under the direction of a president, an elder from Zion, whose judgment I could not always respect. I remember that on one occasion a man who had been dropped from the Church came to my conference president and desired to be taken back. His statements were very unsatisfactory, but the president expressed his satisfaction and was ready to receive the man back into the Church. The confession awakened within me a conviction that it was untruthful, and I therefore protested against the willingness of the president to receive a man who had lied to reach his purposes. The man, however, returned later on, corrected what he had said before and placed himself in a position to be received. It was not long, however, before it became necessary for the president of the con-



ference to be sent home. The elder returned to Zion because of the sinful conduct which made him unworthy to be a missionary of the Church. Sometime after his return, he joined the Godbeites and was afterwards an avowed enemy of the Church. His son-in-law gave me the following sad ending of my conference president's career. 'During the days of the crusade against polygamy,' he related to me, 'my father-in-law became a member of a trial jury in the city of Ogden. The case on which he sat was one for unlawful cohabitation. Eleven of the jurors were in favor of acquittal while he insisted on a conviction, and maliciously declared that he would rot before he would vote in favor of acquittal. A short time thereafter, while driving a pair of colts, they ran away with him and from the accident he received an injury from which he never recovered. His bruised body began to mortify and from it the stench became so bad that the wife could not endure to remain in the room where her husband lay. In time he died, literally rotten, in fulfillment of the alternative suffering he preferred to the release of one on trial for unlawful cohabitation.' The man who

is the author of the foregoing statement is now living and a president of one of the stakes of Zion."

Much of the latter part of the year 1867 was passed in the conference of which Veile was the headquarters. From this place Elder Jensen was enabled to reach his native town Hagerup. Here the opportunity was given to preach to old neighbors and friends. The schoolhouse had been denied him, but one of the leading farmers of the place granted Elder Jensen the privilege of preaching in his own home.

The elders were not averse to any kind of work whenever the occasion required. If they could not always make themselves agreeable and helpful by their words of encouragement and instruction, they could demonstrate their ability to labor skillfully and hard. There were many who had an aversion for ministers whose lives they believed to be idle, indulgent, and selfish. Elder Jensen, among other incidents peculiar to his missionary experiences, tells of the manner by which Anders Jensen and his family were brought into the Church. "As we approached the Jensen home the father and

sons were breaking flax. One of the boys who saw us nearing them, remarked to the others that he proposed to have some fun with the Mormon missionaries. We were immediately asked to take hold and help in the work.\* We responded cheerfully. It was not a new kind of work to me, and I was able to hold my own with the boys. Later, I assisted in plowing and showed myself at home on the farm. It established a familiarity and friendly relation between us and the family. What we did so well and cheerfully had a great influence over them, and later on I baptized the father, mother, three sons and two daughters. Their fun was, I have no doubt, turned into friendly relations and earnest inquiry by our willingness and ability to work. They saw that work which they exalted by their example was really part of the Mormon creed."

In the beginning of the year 1868 his labors extended along the mainland, and while in the city of Kolling he and other elders were attacked by a mob. One of the mobbers, a husky foundryman, seized Elder Jensen by the throat and in a spirit of rage began to choke him. As soon as Elder Jensen extricated himself, which

his superior strength soon enabled him to do, he rebuked the man and wanted to know what offense he had ever given to entitle him to such treatment. In the midst of the melee and confusion, the train, which he was about to board, arrived. He slipped in at the side door and occupied the only seat not taken. The crowd, however, followed him to Fredericia where he reached a faithful sister who concealed him successfully against the mob in pursuit.

At Horsens he continued his labors amidst some opposition. While holding a meeting in the place, and while in the midst of worship, a rock was thrown through one of the windows. Here they were also visited by crowds of vicious and reckless men, bent upon the confusion and discomfiture of the elders and Saints in their religious worship. On one occasion the rabble came to the meeting and began their disturbance by approaching the women, whom they sought to hug and kiss in a violent manner. As soon as possible Elder Jensen had the lights blown out and began at once, after reaching the midst of the disturbers, to clear them out of the hall by the use of a cane, which he applied in such a manner as to create

consternation and retreat. Here the elders had the opportunity later to baptize several persons.

On the 5th of March, Elder Jensen moved on to Fredericia. Among his experiences there he related that in one of the meetings two soldiers were present who refused to remove their caps. "I insisted," he said, "that they must either leave or take off their caps. They refused to pay any attention to my demands. I thereupon seized them one at a time, and threw them into the street. An officer passing at that moment saw the man fall, and at once began an inquiry to find out what it all meant. After receiving information the officer left and shortly after he sent the two men back who made a humble apology for their disgraceful conduct in our place of worship." It is not difficult for those who are acquainted with Bishop Jensen to imagine that in the prime of his early manhood he could perform just such a task as he describes above with celerity and effectiveness. The man, who was tumbled somehow or other far out into the street, had no doubt some vigorous assistance from the elder who was determined to bring into play his physical power:

to maintain the respect to which he felt himself entitled.

Going up to Copenhagen was in those days a delightful opportunity to meet the elders of the mission and enjoy the companionship of old-time friends. There they went to their priesthood meetings and reported the condition of the conference over which they presided. While there, Elder Jensen was asked to preside over the conference from which the unworthy elder mentioned above had been dismissed. The conference, however, was in an unfortunate condition. Its financial standing was bad, and the moral tone also affected by an elder who had not only brought disgrace upon himself, but also upon the conference over which he presided. Elder Jensen modestly expressed a preference to be released from the undertaking. It was finally decided to unite the Fredericia and Aarhus conferences under the presidency of Lauretzen Larsen, whose assistant Elder Jensen became. These missionary associates of those early days became devoted friends throughout all the subsequent years of their lives. Larsen was at one time counselor

to the Bishop of Spring City, which for many years had been his home.

The late 60's witnessed remarkable changes throughout the world in the methods of transportation. The railroads at that time were under construction in different parts of Denmark, and the old methods of traveling were substituted by more commodious and expeditious means which the application of steam had brought about. Elder Jensen was busily occupied in his conference aiding the Saints in their emigration to Zion. "Our company, which left Liverpool on the 13th of June, 1868, was the last to embark in the old sailing ships that had occupied so much time upon the ocean."

On the mainland where he was laboring the railroad between Fredericia and Aarhus was completed. The new road was an object of great interest and often great excitement to the farmers. When the first train was run, Elder Jensen joined in the general celebration and became one of its first passengers. "A curious circumstance transpired," he wrote, "as we were leaving the station. A team of horses became frightened and ran away. The runaway created so much excitement among the

passengers that one of the farmers aboard ran his head through a glass window in his unrestrained anxiety to see what was going on."

It was along the last of 1868 that a change was made in the mission presidents, President Jesse N. Smith having arrived on a call to succeed Widerborg in the presidency of the Scandinavian mission. It was President Smith's second mission to that country and he was therefore familiar with the language. Elder Jensen was one of the elders to carry the Gospel into a district beyond Lake Skanderborg. The report of the presence of the Mormon missionaries in Denmark had reached the people of that district and they naturally turned out in large numbers to listen to what these elders had to say. They were not, however, without opposition. Noisy crowds gathered and endeavored to disturb their meetings, and Elder Jensen sometimes found it necessary to give boisterous men a little shaking up, which he was always qualified to do, before they would yield to him a proper respect.

A new importance was attached to the missionary experiences of Elder Jensen early in



the year 1869, when he was called to the presidency of the Aalborg conference. He no doubt, however, felt some disappointment because of his expectations that he would be released as other elders were at the end of two years, nor was his own disappointment less than that at home where a loving and anxious wife awaited his return. The appointment was received with some feelings of misgiving. The conference was not in the best condition and its finances needed that experience and attention which he feared he could not give. President Smith assured this young elder that he felt inspired to put upon him that responsibility and that he had every confidence that Elder Jensen would succeed in his mission. Elder Jensen went at his new task, and in due time felt the satisfaction of getting the conference out of debt and placing it in a good healthy condition.

Elder Jensen had left behind him in the Aarhus conference many warm friends, men and women whom he had led into the waters of baptism. In his journal he makes friendly mention of the Henricksen family—a family of refinement, intelligence, and devotion. He had

baptized the mother and the children in Veile where they resided. For him they always entertained feelings of gratitude and devotion; and when he was about to set sail for Zion at the close of his mission, the good mother of that family sent to him a gold ring for his wife in token of the esteem in which he was held by the Henricksen family. They subsequently emigrated to Utah and located in Provo, where in those early days the sons were benefactors to the community by reason of their skill in the manufacture of pottery.

The new responsibility enlarged the scope of his missionary experiences. To him were entrusted the direction of other elders and the general movement of the Saints in their emigration to Zion. One of his first duties was to conduct some ninety emigrants to Copenhagen where they joined other Saints on their voyage to Liverpool. He mentions in his journal at that time the convention of farmers in Copenhagen. It was one of those early farmers' institutes for which the Danish people have since become world-famous. Such an early movement for advanced methods gives us a convincing reason for the foremost posi-

tion occupied by the farmers of Denmark in the agricultural world. It is now frequently stated that the Danish government is a government of farmers, for the farmers, and by the farmers. The agricultural interests of that little kingdom to-day predominate over all others.

While in Copenhagen, looking after emigration interests for people from his conference, he had the pleasure of welcoming his brother Jacob who had just arrived in his native land on a mission. The meeting was most pleasurable and these young elders, with one or two of their friends, enjoyed such pleasant pastimes as Copenhagen could afford. "We were treated," said Elder Jensen, "by President Smith to a bicycle ride. Wheels were obtained for a number of us young elders, and I remember how I learned to ride the high-wheel bicycle of those times. My brother was assigned to my conference and we left together for our field of labor."

Among those that Elder Jensen aided in those days was a young boy known as Peter Olsen, who emigrated about this time from Denmark, and who, upon his arrival in Utah,

made his home with the Jensen family and remained with them until he attained his manhood. A circumstance somewhat novel arose in the case of the emigration of this boy. "I expected money from home to pay for his transportation. The money not having come when the company left, I appealed to a man by the name of Christensen for a loan of seventy-five Danish dollars. The man was not in the Church. However, in his heart he felt that the message was true and he apparently struggled against it and made the loan as a sort of a test. If it were not paid back it would give him some excuse for resisting the feeling that was already taking a strong hold upon his mind. When I returned him the money and offered to pay interest he replied by handing me five dollars back."

The conference of Aalborg furnished Elder Jensen numerous opportunities, not only to preach the Gospel, but to aid the Saints and prepare them for their new home in a distant land, where they would hear a strange tongue. "I organized," he wrote in his journal, "a night school for instruction in English. One of the rules of the school was that not a word in Da-

nish was to be spoken. The Saints, of course, appreciated the value of the new language which some day they must use. They were diligent and I was happily surprised at the progress they made. Their knowledge of English they found most useful when they reached the Valleys of the Mountains."

"I remember," he continued, "among the experiences of those days, a visit I paid to a giant and a dwarf, who were on exhibition. The name of the giant was Andrew Hanson. He had seen service in the Civil war of America. He was forty-two years of age, was seven feet seven and a half inches high, and weighed four hundred and seventy-four pounds. The dwarf was Admiral Picolomine, age thirty-eight, and was thirty inches high. As I passed by the giant, he lifted my hat from my head, made a crease in it, and handed it back to me with the remark, 'This is the way we wear hats in America.' I simply replied in English, 'I know it.' My knowledge of the English tongue led to a conversation between us and he asked me to return on the following day. I did so and explained to him the principles of the Gospel. He was an intelligent and a very humble man.

He was greatly interested in what I said, gave evidence of his belief in my message and assured me that as soon as he had visited Norway he would return and accompany me to Utah. His death intervened to prevent him from doing so."

Denmark was in those days a very fruitful missionary field. The conference afforded the association of devoted men and women whose good cheer and enthusiastic endeavors brought to the elders many happy hours. The Saints had an excellent choir. Music was always an interesting feature of their worship and they frequently had social gatherings for pastimes of various kinds.

Elder Jensen was constantly beset by the temptation to visit the Aarhus conference whenever an opportunity was given him. His early experiences there amidst the difficulties which he found in beginning the missionary work constantly recalled friendships that bound him to his early love. "On our return from Aarhus to Aalborg, we were overtaken by a landlord. He was in his coach of four horses, accompanied by his driver and footman. After passing us by, he turned

into an inn where my companion and I also stopped for refreshments. He went to a more aristocratic part of the inn, while we had to be satisfied with more humble quarters. While we were there, his servant came to our apartment and invited the man with the black beard whom he had passed along the road to accompany him on his journey. My companion was an assistant to the mission president, and the discrimination was a little embarrassing to me. However, we looked upon it as one of our many opportunities to do good, and I consequently occupied a seat by the landlord while I explained my occupation and mission to that country."

On his return to Aalborg, Elder Jensen found considerable excitement created among those who were hostile to the Saints, and who looked upon the success of the elders with a great deal of enmity. This opposition led to an organized effort to defeat the missionary work and to frighten the people away from the meetings. The disturbing element filled paper bags with ashes and entered the church for the purpose of creating confusion and consternation among the worshipers. It was the inten-

tion to throw these paper bags into the faces of the elders so as to blind and suffocate them and to make the atmosphere of the room wholly unfit for a public meeting. These actions had received some encouragement formerly by a disposition on the part of some of the elders to evade them. Elder Fjelsted was so pacific in his demeanor, and so unwilling to engage in any contention, that he escaped from such an element, and sometimes had himself let down from the windows of the meeting house that he might evade those who were seeking a quarrel.

Elder Jensen, who was now the president of this conference, possessed a somewhat different temperament. He believed it his duty to maintain his rights, and to resist those who were seeking trouble. He found in the possession of an old man a large thorny cane. One of his fellow missionaries broke a leg from one of the benches and the two began thrashing in an unmerciful manner the men that had come with their paper bags of ashes to create a disturbance. Christophersen and Larsen, both powerful men, were door-keepers. One of the disturbers was about to strike Elder Jensen in



the back of the head with a knife when Christopherson wrenched it from his hand. The two door-keepers who had taken an active part in ejecting the mobbers concluded that if such forceful methods of disposing of bad characters were approved, that thereafter nothing was to be feared from that class of ruffians. "Somehow or other," he said, "after beating them back from the hall, we managed to get in front of them as they were leaving and made our punishment as effectual as we could. I think our method of treating these intruders had a most excellent effect. They did not bother us after that." James Jensen was certainly a powerful man in those days, and it is not difficult to imagine that those who aroused a spirit of combativeness in him ever took much pleasure out of any physical opposition they had to meet.

"Just about this time we had other troubles. Two of the elders, who had been in Denmark and who upon reaching Zion had turned against the Church, wrote letters to the Saints in which they told all sorts of falsehoods about the Mormons. One of these elders was sent home for adultery. I secured his letter from

one of the Saints into whose hands it came, and read it to the meeting. There were present quite a number who did not belong to the Church. After reading the letter, I wanted to know from the people what they thought about it. An old man who was not a member of the Church said he believed that the writer of the letter had lied, and he proposed that the letter be wrapped up in a lot of paper to make it as heavy as possible and that it be returned to its author without any postage or comment. Postage was heavy in those days, and the old man thought that the expenses of the postage might prevent him, after that, from writing such letters. These letters had an effect entirely different from what their authors intended. They really did us good, especially as many of the people had already learned about the transgressions of these elders."

On the day before Easter, 1870, there was a gathering of the Saints for social and religious entertainment. While they were all in the midst of a program which they were carrying out, a man entered the room for the purpose of creating a disturbance. He was warned to desist, and when it was evident that he did not

intend to heed the warning he had received, Elder Jensen took him by the nape of the neck and pitched him downstairs. He thereupon called the landlady, who was not a member of the Church, and who had just emerged from her room to see what the trouble was, all sorts of vile names. However, he did not disturb the meeting any more.

Just about this time his brother Jacob who was in Agersted took down with smallpox. This created, of course, some anxiety. He had his brother immediately brought to Aalborg, where by careful nursing he soon regained his health. "As soon as he was able, my brother and I accepted an invitation of the president to come to Copenhagen on May 5th for the purpose of meeting President Albert Carrington of the European mission. On my return to Aalborg, my students in English gave me a cordial reception and presented me two silver spoons with my wife's name on one and mine on the other.

"As the time approached for my release, I took advantage of the opportunity to visit my old field in Aarhus. There I enjoyed the farewell expressions of the Saints and returned to

begin my preparation for my return to Zion. For some time I was busily occupied in preparing the Saints for their emigration. On the 29th of June, President Jesse N. Smith instructed me to be in Copenhagen by July 13th with the Saints who were to leave there with the next company. My brother Jacob was made president of the Aalborg conference."

Among those who came under the special care of Elder Jensen were Nels Larsen, who emigrated subsequently to Provo, where he became very well and very generally known, and Peter Andersen, who emigrated to Salt Lake and stayed for some time with Elder Jensen's father. Young Andersen, through the paternal interest of Dr. Winslow, adopted as his first name Winslow and thereafter became known as Winslow Andersen. This young man attended school at the Brigham Young Academy in Provo and later located in San Francisco where he is now the Editor in Chief of the Pacific Medical Journal, the President of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and the head of one of the leading hospitals.

Elder Jensen left his mission, after three years of devoted efforts for the well-being and

happiness of his fellow men. To him the friendships of that mission have been among the most pleasing memories of life. The testimonials that came to him brought encouragement and the assurance that he would be long remembered and esteemed. He reached Salt Lake City by train on the 10th of August, 1870.

## CHAPTER V.

## RESIDENCE IN THE SECOND WARD.

On his return to Utah, Elder Jensen found his good wife located in their own little home which she had prepared for the comfort and enjoyment of her husband whom she had aided by every means at her command. The carpet on its floor was of her own making, and the simple decorations which her taste and industry had provided, all went to make the home a cozy and happy one. During his absence, the wife, by her industry, had earned enough to buy a cow and a pig and also the lumber with which he fenced the lot. Of the grain which had to be left unharvested in the field, she saved something like fifty bushels. The young husband was thus happily prepared to take up the laborious duties of life without the obstacles of debts or of pressing wants. He was a man of splendid physique, boundless energy, and excellent judgment in the management of affairs.

Like others who had returned from a mission, he was called upon the stand to make a report of his labors. President Young recognized his faithful friend, and invited this young returning missionary to occupy a place on the stand beside him. President Young knew the value of this young man's services in the past and sought them for the future. That fall James worked on the Church farm just south of the city, where he was occupied in putting up hay and looking after the stock.

The following spring of 1871, Elder James Jensen and a friend took a contract, under the direction of President Young, to erect a four-board fence around the large Church farm in Cache Valley. These young contractors were conscientious and constructed their enclosure which brought them more praise than money. When the work was finally accomplished, he returned in the fall of that year to his home in the second ward. He was now able to add to it three rooms, a pantry and a bath. "During my absence," he says, "my wife was perhaps more industrious in the care of her garden than I was in building a fence in Cache Valley—and my work there was perhaps the

most taxing of any work I had ever done in my life. Mrs. Jensen had raised from our garden during my absence with the help of our boy Peter all sorts of vegetables; and by her industry provided much of our living for the following winter."

"In the spring of 1872 George Reese and I took President Young's 'Forest' farm on shares. It was located in what is now known as Forest Dale. We were to receive the customary two-thirds of the crop, but were obliged to pay for the use of the team which President Young hired to us. We received it, however, on excellent terms and it had the best care and attention. That was for us a prosperous summer. Besides our living, in the fall of the year I was able to purchase a wagon, team, and harness. We had worked hard but were amply rewarded and President Young was particularly well satisfied."

During these strenuous days his good wife was no less diligent in promoting their material well-being. Under her direction were the garden, the cows, and the chickens. Twice a week she walked from Forest Dale to Salt Lake City with eggs and butter with which



to provide the groceries and other necessaries of the home. On her return she stopped in the second and tenth wards and enjoyed a few minutes' visit with her parents and with her husband's father and mother.

In those days a rough element came in from the mines and other places to pass their winters in Salt Lake City. By their carousals and drinking they often created such disturbance that it was not always easy for the local constabulary to subdue them. Special police were enlisted and into that service James Jensen entered after the farm work of the summer was practically over. Later he was made captain of the special police.

Elder Jensen speaks of his experiences as secretary of the Second Ward Sunday School, a position which he occupied for a number of years. Whatever accuracy he obtained in his knowledge of the English language he attributes to his experiences in that office. He often wrote out the minutes in the Danish language and then translated them into English, and by consulting his dictionary learned much of the meaning of words as well as of spelling. He felt himself unqualified for such work, but

he was painstaking, faithful, and punctual and his work was appreciated in an office that was very much neglected at that time.

In the year 1873 he was united in marriage to Marie Madsen, his first wife being present at the ceremony. His wives from the outset assumed a sisterly relationship which they enjoyed throughout their united lives in the family of the man to whom they had given so fully their confidence and their love. In the beginning the home was so divided that each enjoyed her own apartment, but later the husband built on the same block where his first wife lived a brick home for the second.

A little circumstance in relation to this marriage is here worthy of mention. The second wife's family were not members of the Church and had therefore not emigrated from their native land in Denmark to the Valleys of the Mountains. When the brothers and sisters of Marie learned that their sister had married, and that she had gone into polygamy, they sent one of them, Anthon by name, to Utah, commissioned by them to learn what he could of his sister's welfare, her happiness, and her prospects in life. Naturally they had very



MARIE JENSEN.



strong misgivings over such a union, and the brotherly and sisterly love which they felt for their sister led them to desire the whole truth about the family life which was contrary to their views and convictions. The brother came more in a spirit of inquiry than in one of hostility, at least such was the impression he made upon his sister's husband and upon both of his wives. They therefore had nothing to conceal from him. He enjoyed the liberty of both homes, observing the conduct of the wives toward one another, and the attitude of the man who had assumed polygamous relations. After he had been here sometime he wrote a letter to his brothers and sisters in Denmark. By accident the letter came into the sister's hand. The substance of his report was that he found his sister well cared for, the wife of a good man, and happy in her associations with the first wife, between whom and his sister there was a genuine sisterly attachment. The brother remained for some time and learned to esteem the first wife of this family apparently as highly as he esteemed his own sister. His conscience would not let him, in such relationship as he found between his sister and the first

wife, show any partiality. When he bought his sister a present he bought one likewise for the first wife. After fully satisfying himself about the welfare of his sister and the protectorship of her husband, he finally returned to his native land, convinced that whatever might be the experiences of others in the practice of polygamy, his sister at least was well-off and happy, and so far as his counsel or influence went she was left in peace of mind to pursue the life she had accepted without interference.

In the year 1876, May 21st, James Jensen was ordained to the fifty-seventh quorum of the seventies, and later became one of its presidents. In the early 70's, after he left the employ of President Young, much of his time was occupied in hauling rock, clay, and sand with his own team. He cut lucern on shares, carried on a dairy, and he and his family all lived and worked in harmonious effort to promote their material progress in life.

In the later 70's he came into contact with such men as W. W. Riter and John Clark, whose lands he cultivated on shares. He likes to speak of these men as he found them in the

intimate business relations of life. "Riter was my friend," he says. "He always dealt with me honestly and liberally. He seemed to make it a point to do better by me than he had agreed to do. As years went on, my confidence in the man was absolute and that confidence he scrupulously kept, and I shall always look upon him as one of the best friends I have had in life. W. W. Riter was certainly good and honorable and a generous-hearted man so far as I was able to understand. He was a member of the high council when I was appointed Bishop, and I sometimes wonder if he did not have something to do with my appointment. At any rate he was always so good to me, and so trustful towards me, that I was naturally compelled to believe that he was my friend."

The experiences of James Jensen in the Second Ward were so pleasant and so helpful that he often recalls that period of twenty-five years of his life as one of the most joyful and satisfactory that had been his lot in life to pass through. When Bishop Samuel Peterson moved away from the Second Ward, he was succeeded in the bishopric by Leonard Hardy. James Jensen became his second counselor on

March 30, 1890. Alfred Caine, who died shortly after that, was the first. During much of the time of Bishop Hardy's calling in the bishopric he was absent from the city and frequently traveled with John W. Taylor in the interest of the "Defense Fund." Elder Jensen was thus left with the responsibility of the ward resting upon him. To its duties, to its cares, he devoted himself with the humble desire to serve the brothers and sisters, over whom he was really presiding, to the best of his ability.

By his assiduous labors, and the excellent support which he received from his family, the subject of this sketch added yearly to his material comforts and to his advancement financially. He was a lover of the soil, a love that came to him not alone from his experiences but from the rich inheritance that his nationality gave him. Denmark is noted, perhaps, for the most intensive farming to be found anywhere in the world. Its inhabitants really and truly love the soil, and to their loving touch it yields more to the acre of its peculiar kind than any other spot to be found upon the earth. There is, too, a native industry about the Danish that makes them peculiarly successful as



farmers. Thus, body and mind, they are well equipped as tillers of the soil.

As he grew in means, James Jensen began to look about him for increased opportunities. He bought a small piece of land near the park, a piece of five acres. Farther south he had another five-acre lot, but they did not answer his needs; and when a chance came to him for the purchase of land on what was the old farm of Brigham Young in Forest Dale, he was ready to talk business. From Moroni L. Pratt and others he bought twelve acres of land for the sum of \$2,750, a little better than \$200 per acre. He experienced some trouble in the acquisition of the title, but as soon as it was completed, the purchase opened\* to him a broader field of work. There was, too, a peculiar satisfaction in becoming the owner of land which he had once worked on shares for others.

In those days of the middle 80's there was going on throughout the territory the most strenuous prosecution of men who were living in polygamous relations. His farm, then considerable distance south of Salt Lake City, offered some opportunity of escape from the sys-

tem of espionage to which he was subject. He had awakened the displeasure of a woman who was his neighbor in the Second Ward. This woman had taken a child to raise, but her treatment of the little one was so brutal that he felt compelled, whatever the consequences to himself personally, to interfere in the interest of a helpless child. The woman was brought to the courts, and after receiving punishment, she became intensely bitter toward the man who had entered a complaint against her. She therefore sought an opportunity to make trouble for him. She induced a man to locate in that neighborhood to act as a spotter. He and another of his kind were constantly sneaking about Elder Jensen's homes. They dogged his footsteps almost day and night until finally by acts of kindness he won the good-will of one of the men who finally became friendly to him and desisted from his disagreeable work.

The woman took another small child to raise, and in course of time fell into a quarrel with her husband who used a hatchet on her. Dr. Benedict was called to attend her wounds. While caring for this woman, who did so much to bring annoyance to her neighbor, the

doctor observed under a pile of rags in one corner movements that awakened his curiosity. He went to lift the covering from the living object beneath, and discovered that it was a naked child that lay there in the dead of winter in a most deplorable condition. Sometime later this woman, who had sought pretentiously to reform the Mormon system of marriage, died. Those of her class with whom she enjoyed some meager association, threw her into a coffin without taking the trouble to wash her dirty body, after which she was buried unloved and unmourned.

In the days of the crusade a prominent physician of the city interested himself in the protection of his friend whose acquaintance he had made in earlier days. When the doctor first came to the city, he was without much practice and James Jensen gave so many evidences of friendship through his helpfulness, that the doctor and his wife—whatever their pre-conceived notions of Mormonism might be—availed themselves of every opportunity to help and protect their old-time friend. The doctor sought to thwart the efforts that were made to arrest Elder Jensen and he and his wife

offered their home as a place of refuge for the second wife. Papers had already been made out for Elder Jensen's arrest, but after the intercession of the doctor in his behalf, the papers were by some means lost, and later picked up on the crossing of fifth east and sixth south. From that time on he heard nothing further of any efforts to put him under arrest, and his gentile friend continued in his determination to protect the man who had been his friend in earlier days and who was still his good neighbor. These conditions and the unsettled state of mind of his family naturally made the district lying south of the city, and now known as Forest Dale, a desirable home on his farm where he might enjoy some seclusion. His second wife, however, remained in the new home which he had erected for her in the Second Ward. Thus these peculiar circumstances and the agitation of those times brought him to the place where his services, already great in the past, could be turned to the best account in the ward over which he was subsequently called to preside. His efforts to withdraw to a quiet place where he would be less conspicuous and less a shining mark for the

adversary, led eventually to a wider field of labor, and to greater prominence in the Church which he always loved to serve.

In the spring of 1891, on the 30th of April, James Jensen moved with his first wife and three of his second wife's children to his farm of twelve acres a short distance north of Calder's Park. Here he built a five-room house which he subsequently enlarged. That was also a conspicuous day in the street car history of Salt Lake City. It was the day on which the Rapid Transit Company ran its first car to Calder's Park, in later years known as Wandamere. George M. Cannon had been the leading spirit in opening up this suburban transportation. Besides opening a street from Ashton Avenue to James Jensen's farm, he paid a bonus to the company. Elder Jensen gave a right-of-way through his farm which in time became occupied by numerous families who settled in the "Dale."

Upon moving to his new home, he thought it prudent to leave his families separated in order to avoid, if possible, arrest and imprisonment. He had prepared a pleasant home for his other wife in the Second Ward. She wa:

interested in the Church work there and so devoted to her religious duties that Bishop Hardy desired her to act as president of the Relief Society. However, it was not long before she was prostrated with typhoid fever. For thirteen days and nights his first wife Petrina watched faithfully and devotedly at the bedside of the woman with whom she was sharing the blessings of her husband and her own family life. Upon the death of Marie, the faithful wife Petrina gathered the former's children into her home where she served them conscientiously and faithfully. The father found it necessary to add to his home in Forest Dale for the greater convenience of the enlarged family there.

The few scattering families then inhabiting Forest Dale became a part of the Sugar House Ward. Some children, however, went to the city to attend Sunday School until such time as local organizations could be effected. Forest Dale was a beautiful place, and it was believed might become in time an attractive suburb of Salt Lake City. Much of the land had been purchased by George M. Cannon, who foresaw something of future opportunities there, and he industriously planted a large

number of various kinds of shade trees. He perhaps builded better than he knew. For the few who inhabited this sparsely settled district, an organization was effected known as the "Pleasant Hours Club," consisting of William Spry, George M. Cannon, J. W. Summerhays, Stephen H. Love, John M. Cannon, and a number of others. The club finally got up a sociable in order to bring all the members of the community together. "This was when I learned," jocularly remarked the good Bishop, "that Stephen Love was not a deputy marshal." "I remember," he continues, "in those early days some sad events. One of my neighbors was compelled to conduct a funeral in an upstairs room and in solitude that the marital relations of the father and mother might not be known."

"As our community increased in numbers, a Mutual Improvement Association was organized with George M. Cannon as its president, and James Hendry and B. W. Ashton as Counselors. Then a Sunday School was organized of which William Hansen was superintendent, with Stephen H. Love and F. M. Lyman, Jr., as assistants.

"When my wife's people in Denmark learned

of her death, they were anxious that some of us should pay them a visit. I could not go and it was not possible for Mrs. Jensen to leave, so we decided to send our oldest daughter, Josephine, who left Salt Lake City for Denmark, June 24, 1893 in company with Heber C. Iverson, George Wallace, and Brother Hubbard. When they reached Chicago, these brethren separated from our daughter for their fields of labor in different parts of the states, and Josephine joined A. W. Carlson and his wife who were then on their way to Denmark. After a visit of four months among her relatives she returned to Utah. While she was absent, she was assisted in her travels by President A. H. Lund who had come in the same company with her mother to Utah in 1872. President Lund at this time presided over the European mission. It was Josephine's Uncle Anthon who had been commissioned by his brothers to go to Utah and learn of the condition of their sister who had married in polygamy. Anthon had become so favorably impressed with the satisfactory condition of his sister that he was most painstaking in his efforts to make her daughter happy during her stay in Denmark.



Towards the wife of her Uncle Anthon, the girl entertained deep-seated feelings of affection. To her mind the wife of this uncle was in the higher qualities of life a most angelic woman. On her return to Utah she visited, in 1893, the World's Fair in Chicago."

"The little community in Forest Dale continued to grow in numbers until it was found, in time, necessary to organize it into a branch, which was done on the 26th of May, 1895. Royal B. Young was placed as presiding elder. Later Elder Young was appointed first counselor to Bishop Driggs of the Sugar House Ward and James Jensen was then made the presiding priest. Through the generosity of George M. Cannon, the old farm-house of President Young was converted into the first meeting-house of Forest Dale."

At this place Elder Jensen stopped to relate a peculiar circumstance of the death of Bishop Iverson's father, which took place on the 21st of March, 1895. "Just ten years before, in 1885, I was invited to the bedside of Brother Iverson, who it was thought would not long survive in this life. As I approached his bed he remarked, 'I have asked the Lord to ex-

tend my life that I may raise my little boy who is a cripple, and I have just received from Him the promise that I would be granted ten years more.' I was at his bedside again ten years from that time, and as I approached him he remarked, 'The time of the promise made me has been fulfilled and I must go. You can pray for me if you wish to, but it will do no good. My hour has come and I must go.' And he closed his eyes in death. It was a strange circumstance and made such an impression upon my mind that I shall never forget it."

The period covered by this chapter was one of strenuous agricultural efforts. To the cultivation of the soil he gave both hand and heart. We need not therefore wonder that he relates with pride some of his accomplishments as a farmer. Any man might feel proud that he had raised as many as seventy-four bushels of wheat to the acre and that he had averaged during a period of three years seven hundred bushels of potatoes to the acre. That was certainly a generous response of the soil to enlightened labor.

## CHAPTER VI.

## BISHOP OF FOREST DALE.

Forest Dale was organized as an independent ward of the Church, August 23, 1896. Its boundaries were established as follows: Commencing at the intersection of 12th south and 9th east, the eastern boundary extended from 12th to 13th south; the southern boundary west along 13th south to 5th east; the western boundary, north along 5th east to 12th south; thence on 12th south to 9th east. James Jensen became its bishop, and Royal B. Young and James Hendry were his counselors.

The ward over which the new Bishop was called to preside has a peculiar historical importance that entitles it to a passing notice in the narration of events associated with the life of James Jensen. The early history of the ward has been compiled with painstaking care by the ward historian, Stephen H. Love, to whom I am indebted for the account hereinafter given. Elder Love in turn acknowledges his in-

debtedness to Hamilton G. Park, an employee of President Young, for much of the information which he was able to gather concerning the early history of the place.

In earlier days, what subsequently became Forest Dale, was known as the "Forest" Farm, which occupied originally an area of one square mile. In the location of farms in the early history of Salt Lake Valley, President Young acquired the ownership of the place. It was noted among other things as the place on which the first sugar beets were ever grown within the territory. Seed for the beets was brought over from France by Apostle John Taylor. Machinery was subsequently imported for the manufacture of sugar. The beets met the required standard of saccharine; but the machinery, primitive when compared with that at present employed in the manufacture of sugar, was not satisfactory. These early efforts, therefore, resulted in a failure. The beets, however, were used for making molasses.

The next important thing for which Forest Dale was noted in the early history of Utah, was the introduction of alfalfa. Hamilton Park gives the following account of his ex-

periences in handling the hay: "I shall never forget when the first alfalfa was about ready to cut. President Young advertised for some one who knew how to cure the hay. He secured no one and the task fell upon me. After cutting the lucern it was put into the barn. Inside it began to smoulder and smoke and I was obliged to take it out of the stable for fear the barn might burn down."

The third item of historical importance was the introduction of silk production in Utah. Elder Park gives the following interesting account of that effort: "William Buttle, William Hart, and I planted the seed from which the old mulberry grove there grew. President Young came to the farm with the seed and said, 'Hamilton, I want about an acre of ground prepared. It must be put in good shape because this is precious seed all the way from France.' He handed me a package containing between two and three pounds of what looked to me like mustard seed. We prepared the ground carefully, plowed, and harrowed it five or six times. President Young then came down to see us plant it. He asked us to plant the seed thick because some of it

might not germinate. We did so and the young trees came up as thick as the hair on a dog's back. The trees grew rapidly and then a cocoonery was built. Silk worms were imported from France and a Frenchman who understood sericulture was brought over. In addition to the interest which the President took in the matter, Aunt Zina appeared to be the leading spirit, and quite a number of his daughters took an active interest in the enterprise. Aunt Zina was very faithful but the girls did not find in the work so much enthusiasm. When the little worms hatched out and went to work on the fresh green leaves, we thought the question of producing silk in Utah was solved. We soon discovered, however, that it took a great deal of patience, skill, and expert work before the silk fabric was produced, but its production was finally accomplished." Those who have witnessed the tedious process by which silk is grown and woven, in European countries like Italy and France, will easily appreciate the difficulties which could not be surmounted in those early days of Utah.

Of special interest historically, is the old farm-house which still stands as a landmark in

the early history of Utah. According to Mr. Park it was commenced in the fall of 1861 and completed in 1863. President Young often enjoyed his work there, and looked upon it with feelings of pride. It was there that distinguished travelers between California and the East were often entertained through the hospitality of President Young. "We thought it a great house in those days. In fact, it was the best farm house and stood on the best farm in the valley," said Park. After the death of President Young this historical building came into the ownership of Apostle Brigham Young, from whom its ownership was conveyed to John W. Young, who in turn sold it to George M. Cannon in 1889.

The conception of this beautiful suburb originated with George M. Cannon, who divided up the land covered by his purchase into building lots. He began at once the settlement of the place by inviting purchasers from among those he believed to be good citizens and agreeable neighbors. The rapid growth of the community was largely the result of his efforts in securing settlers and street car transportation facilities. The community will al-

ways be a monument to the foresight of the man who is often honorably mentioned as the "Father of Forest Dale."

The first movement for the settlement of the community began in 1890 when Royal B. Young and his brother Joseph erected choice homes on 5th east street. About the same time the homes of George M. Cannon, James Jensen, Thomas Henderson, Orson Rummel, N. S. Timpson, and Stephen Love were erected. The following year brought to the "Dale" Joseph W. Summerhays, M. C. Morris, James McMurrin, and William Spry. The social life in Forest Dale in those early days was so pleasant that many were attracted to the new community because of the simple life and heartfelt recreation of the people. Amongst the people there the spirit of fraternal good will prevailed. There was a mutual interest in the welfare of its inhabitants that has perhaps never been excelled anywhere throughout the Church. Public and leading men gladly accepted invitations to visit Forest Dale and to address the Saints in the old farm-house, which had been tastefully arranged and furnished for public worship. Ward organizations sprang



rapidly into existence and the population of the community grew with wonderful rapidity. The new comers consisted largely of progressive young men who were ambitious to bring about ideal conditions in the growth of their chosen home town. Public improvements were made as rapidly as their means would permit and finally a beautiful meeting-house was constructed. In its surroundings and architecture its beauty is perhaps no where excelled throughout all the Church. As a rule the homes while commodious are unpretentious. Good order prevails. Friendship among the people and brotherly love are proverbial. Forest Dale in 1910 became the largest ward in the Granite Stake of Zion, and it is said that Granite is the largest stake in the Church.

Interwoven in the history of Forest Dale ward is the life of James Jensen who has been from its organization loyally and lovingly sustained by probably every member of the ward. No one has ever questioned his peculiar fitness for the leadership which he has enjoyed. There follows more detailed narration of the individual part he played in the up-building of the community and the honors he has received at

the hands of the people over whom he presides, which are the best evidence of the people's devotion and loving confidence in their leader.

The Bishop received his appointment with some reluctance. He had taken up the duties of his office with many misgivings about his ability to carry the responsibilities of his calling. The people did not share the fears which troubled him, and they were anxious that he should know how pleased they were with his administration. On the evening of the 8th of September, 1897, they tendered him at a surprise party in the Farm House a beautiful testimonial of their esteem and confidence. As a souvenir of the occasion he was presented by them with a gold headed cane. (See appendix A.)

After reading to the subject of this sketch the early history of Forest Dale Ward, I was told that it might be all right except for one thing, and that was the failure to recognize the important part taken by George M. Cannon in everything relating to the welfare of the community, religiously and materially. I make hereby the *honorable amende* and give

the following words emphatically spoken by our good Bishop.

“No two men in Forest Dale have contributed so much money and so much time to the ward as George M. Cannon. - Really I might make this statement stronger than that. It would take several to equal him in contribution; and what to my mind is equally important, if not more so, is the most excellent judgment he has always shown upon every question. The people of Forest Dale, as a rule, don't begin to understand how much Brother Cannon has done for Forest Dale, and I could not consent to have any words of praise given in behalf of our community which he did not share. Of course, the town will always be a monument to his wisdom, to his good advice, and to his generosity. We have, it is true, a large number of big-hearted men and women whose helpfulness has been all that could be desired, but I think that this special mention is due Brother Cannon; and if it were not given, those who read the book would feel some disappointment by reason of such an omission.

“On February 3, 1899 we gave Brother George M. Cannon a surprise in recognition

of what he had done for the ward and you may insert the following statement and resolution offered by the Bishop and unanimously adopted by all present:

*Forest Dale, Utah, February 3rd, 1899.*

DEAR BROTHER, GEORGE M. CANNON.

We have long felt that you should know that the prominent part which you have taken in building up this ideal community is appreciated by every officer and member of this united, loving, and God-fearing people now composing Forest Dale Ward.

Since the year 1891, when you and your amiable wife and loving children made Forest Dale your home, we have learned to know you, and to love you. Your frank, loving, and gentle ways, with rich and poor alike, have won for you a tender spot in the heart of every man, woman, and child in this ward.

Your ability and sound judgment have caused your counsel to be eagerly sought, which has been most pleasantly and willingly given. Your kind and good advice in meetings, on street cars, and on the road side, to our boys and girls, has gained for you the lasting gratitude of many parents and the love and esteem of our young people.

We owe to you, esteemed friend, much of our success as a ward. You have not only furnished us with this dear old house in which we are now assembled to do you honor, but you have been among the foremost to assist in making the necessary changes for the accommodation of our people.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that we, the people of Forest Dale, tender Brother George M. Cannon our sincere thanks, kindest regards, and best wishes. We admire him as a citizen, a neighbor, and a Latter-day Saint; and we unitedly say, God bless Brother George M. Cannon and his family.

JAMES JENSEN, Bishop.

In behalf of the people of  
Forest Dale Ward.

The Forest Dale meetinghouse will always be linked in the memories of the people with the life and labors of the man who first presided within its walls over the congregations of the people. A special meeting was held in the old Farm House, December 17, 1900, when the question of erecting a new ward house was taken into consideration. The Bishop presided at the meeting where he submitted to those present the following for their deliberation and decision:

1st—Do we need a ward house?

2nd—Do we want such a house?

3rd—What kind of a house do we want?

4th—Will we stand by each other in carrying the decision of this meeting into effect?

After the decision was reached, a building

committee was appointed and unanimously sustained. Thus began the beautiful ward home that now adorns Forest Dale.

Subsequently the matter of a new ward house was submitted to a congregation assembled in Sabbath worship. The Bishop submitted the question of collecting the means for its erection. The Saints were unanimous in the decision that allotments be made to the several families of the ward, and that the committee chosen by the ward that day act in assigning to the members the several amounts the committee believed each one able to pay.

“The response of the people to the demands of this new enterprise has in it some of the most beautiful recollections of my life,” said the Bishop. “All were satisfied with the allotments made and many paid more than they agreed to. There was a most pleasing enthusiasm among a number of the brothers and sisters who made their contribution to our ward house a source of genuine pride. One of the members of the ward made contributions for and in behalf of thirteen of our widowed sisters, but as far as I know, they never learned who the person was that so kindly remembered them. Some of the

widows to whom five dollars each was allotted increased their contributions sixfold. A brother who was at the time presiding over the European mission learning of this generous effort on the part of our widows sent for their names and forwarded each, upon receiving them, a check for the full amount of the sum donated by them. Out of respect to his wishes in the matter, I am not permitted to use his name. What to these sisters was more precious than the money received were the letters containing the good will and blessings of their author.

“There are many circumstances connected with the generous contributions of the people that might be related if I felt at liberty to give the names of the donors and the expressions of their good cheer under all circumstances. I would like very much to mention the names of those most active and faithful in the erection of our new ward house if I could do so without any appearance of partiality. The people, however, have in their minds those men and women who are always generous, even enthusiastic in all they do. Brother Melvin Morris was

our treasurer. What a faithful man he was in that office!

“The corner-stone was laid in 1902. John W. Taylor pronounced the benediction. The building was completed and dedicated on the 23rd of July, 1905. President Joseph F. Smith offered the dedicatory prayer. (Appendix B.) The building has cost us in round numbers twenty-six thousand dollars, and the Presidency of the Church kindly remembered us in our efforts.

“Some of the choicest memories of my life are associated with the old Farm House. The ward was not so large in those early days and there was among the people a brotherly and sisterly love which was really beautiful and inspiring. Our gatherings there were devoid of all ceremony and affectation and we were just like one large, happy family. In that old building there was something so sincere in our worship and so simple, so free from jealousy, envy, or disagreeable circumstances, that I really left the dear old place with feelings of regret. Of course we had outgrown it and needed more room, but we shall all remember those happy days.



“The first meeting held by the ward in the new building was December 6, 1903. It was a sort of farewell parting to our old ward home. The spirit of familiarity and jovial relations was shown in the poems read by Brother Ashton on that occasion.”

“The last fast meeting held in the old building made such a peculiar and lasting impression on my feelings that I shall never forget some of the things which took place at the time. One circumstance I would like to relate before closing what I have to say. It was a fast day. Just after the meeting opened, we set apart some of our young people as religion class teachers. Among them was Miss Louie Morris and it fell to Brother Royal B. Young to lead in prayer. After pronouncing the usual blessing upon her, he hesitated a moment and then in words of prayer he promised her the gift of tongues. ‘The use of which,’ he continued, ‘you shall this day make.’ When Brother Young sat down by me after this part of our services was completed I remarked, ‘How did you dare make such a promise?’ He was evidently as fearful as I was about the words he had spoken, and

the meeting went on, but as it neared the end I became more and more fearful about what had been said by way of promise to our young sister. Brother Royal, I noticed, was himself very nervous. We were about to close our meeting when Sister Louie Morris arose and spoke in tongues. She was in the choir behind the seats occupied by the bishopric. I turned and looked at her. Her hands moved out gently over us and I do not think in my life I ever beheld a more beautiful face. She spoke in a strange language and in a free, easy, and soothing manner. Her words carried with them a strong conviction to my mind. To Brother Royal B. Young the power of interpretation was given. She spoke of him and others and in directing her remarks to him she said, 'Other and great trials still await you and you should be prepared to meet them.' To my mind the spirit of that fast meeting was a beautiful testimony of the true spirit of worship which we had always enjoyed in that building. It was an appropriate ending to our fast day services there."

While most of Bishop Jensen's time was occupied in the affairs of the ward, he found

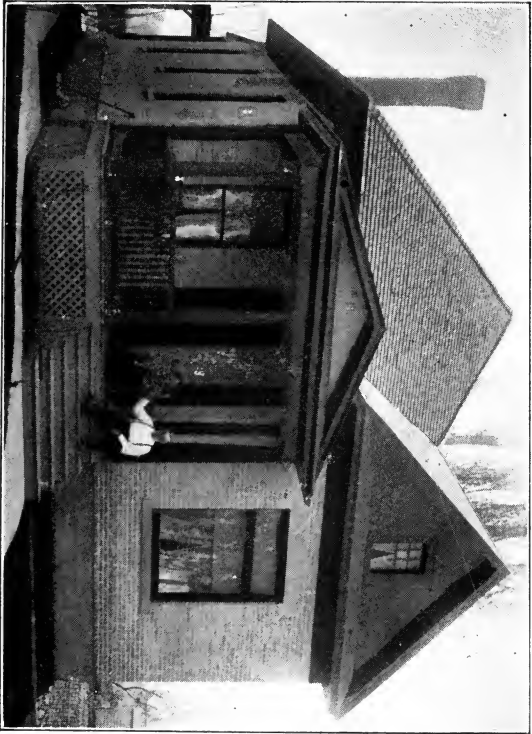
some diversion by reason of his interests in Canada. A few years before, some of his boys had gone to that country for the purpose of establishing homes. Later on he made some investments there with the view of aiding his children in their pioneer work in that land. His son, William H., and Miss Pitt were the first couple married in Raymond, and as a reward for this novel and pioneer movement, J. William Knight gave them ten dollars, and Charles McCarty, one week's entertainment at the hotel free.

For some time Canada occupied a prominent place in the thoughts and feelings of the Bishop. Three of his sons were there, and his daughter, Annie, wife of Soren Neve, joined her brothers, and was there in 1904 in a critically dangerous condition when the Bishop and his good wife hastened to the bedside of his daughter whose home they reached on the 13th of February, 1904.

In Alberta, in February, they sometimes have delightful days and sometimes the thermometer may be so far below zero as to congeal the marrow in the bones. When they reached Sterling, they found one of those aw-

ful drops in the thermometer, and through a misunderstanding they were not met by their sons at the station where they alighted. The distance from Sterling to the John M. Cannon farm where their sons lived was only five miles. Their great anxiety to learn the condition of their daughter who was then in Magrath would admit of no delay. A mile's travel at that time was sufficient to endanger their lives unless they were prepared for such an emergency. They found a man at the station with a carriage drawn by a large slow-moving span of draft horses. There were no wraps in the carriage either for safety or comfort and they were not prepared by what they brought with them for such an emergency. Think of such a ride! the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, slow team, and no wraps. "Well," the Bishop said, "I thought we should freeze to death," and the wonder is that both of them did not freeze to death under the circumstances. He classes that event as one of the very peculiar circumstances of his life. To say the least it was a hazardous undertaking.

During the years 1906-7 nothing out of the ordinary daily routine of life occurred as im-



PRESENT HOME.



portant history in the subject of this sketch. The year 1908, after a little more than ten year's services as Bishop of the ward, its members in spontaneous unison prepared another surprise for their good Bishop. The following is copied from the *Deseret Evening News*:

#### TESTIMONIAL TO BISHOP JENSEN

“That the people of Forest Dale Ward highly esteem Bishop James Jensen was abundantly evidenced in the proceedings in the ward meetinghouse at the regular services on Sunday evening. Under the plea of devoting an evening to the auxiliary organizations of the ward, a committee obtained permission from the bishopric to arrange a program and conduct the exercises that evening. Word was then quietly circulated through the ward that the evening was intended to be devoted to not only the auxiliary work, but also as a testimonial to the Bishop.

“At the hour for the meeting the regular seats were completely filled and chairs were brought in and every foot of available room occupied, while some late comers were obliged to remain

standing. Brief addresses were then made by representatives of the priesthood of the ward and of each auxiliary organization, after which written sentiments of the esteem in which the Bishop is held by the people were read by Joseph W. Musser. These sentiments opened with those from the counselors of the Bishop and included all grades of the priesthood of the ward and the auxiliary organizations. They had been carefully typewritten, then signed by the representatives of the people and elegantly bound in limp leather, the inscription on the back being done in gold leaf in the best style of the *Deseret News* bindery. (Appendix C.)

“Counselor Royal B. Young then, on behalf of the people, in a few well chosen words, presented the Bishop with a fine Waltham watch in a solid gold case, upon the inside of which were inscribed the words, ‘To Bishop James Jensen, from the people of Forest Dale ward, Jan. 19, 1908.’ The Bishop was deeply affected by the sentiments expressed and modestly disclaimed any actions on his part entitling him to the consideration shown, but thanking the people for their expressions of esteem and good will and asking their help to make the



ward a model in union and in progressive spirit. George M. Cannon had been chosen by the committee to conduct the exercises. One of the most pleasing features of the evening was the singing—solos, ladies' chorus and the choir, all the music being arranged and conducted by James T. Dunbar, the ward chorister."

The year 1909 brought some changes in the ward organization. Brother Royal B. Young, who had for so many years served as first counselor to the Bishop, resigned amid expressions of the heart-felt regrets of the entire ward, who will always hold in loving memory his cheerful and encouraging testimonies and admonitions. Elder James Hendry was then selected first counselor and Eugene M. Cannon second counselor in the bishopric.

The summer of 1910 brought to Bishop Jensen apprehensions about his physical condition. He felt that unless some drastic remedy were undertaken that he could not long enjoy life. On the 14th of July that year he therefore underwent a surgical operation at the L. D. S. Hospital. His condition was so critical that it needed the faithful and constant watch-care of

his wife, who for ten years had been the president of the Relief Society of the ward. That she might devote undisturbed her attentions thereafter to her husband, she was honorably released from her calling after years of faithful service. The members of the ward for weeks received daily the reports of their Bishop's condition as he lay in the hospital. Loving hands carried almost daily bouquets of flowers to the sick room that he might be animated and refreshed by their beauty and sweet perfume.

He remembers the kind ministrations of his nurse, Miss Minnie Wheeler, and speaks of her with feelings of gratitude. He has little to say of himself or of his thought and feelings as he lay upon his sick bed wondering about the conditions of eternity. However, he often mentioned the faithful services of his kind counselors and Brother Weiler, the ward clerk, who were all so indefatigable in looking after the welfare and progress of the ward.

In concluding this tribute to the memory of Bishop James Jensen, the writer undertakes to say in behalf of the good people over whom their faithful Bishop has presided for so many years, that he has inspired them with patriotic

and loyal determination to accomplish the best within them. Their wish to please and honor him has manifested itself in the unity and good cheer of the home, in cleanly and orderly home surroundings, and in their devotion to Sabbath worship. In the erection of homes in Forest Dale people have unanimously and cheerfully respected the wishes of their Bishop who has kindly admonished them to respect the wishes and feelings of the people in the position and erection of their houses. It is an orderly community. Its beautiful surroundings and good order will remain a testimonial to his faithful and devoted services.

## CHAPTER VII.

## CHARACTER SKETCH.

Few bishops in the Church have been more highly respected by the people over whom they presided than is Bishop James Jensen of the Forest Dale Ward. His administration of the duties of the important office to which he has been called has won the admiration of his flock and commanded their prompt response and heart-felt loyalty.

Bishop Jensen is a man somewhat large in stature, of muscular form, and active movements. His powers of observation and reason are well developed, and his mental activity of a high order. He naturally has felt the absence of an early school training whose advantages he had the power of mind and heart to put to superior use. He clearly comprehends the resources which a better training would have placed at his command, and he therefore has had some regrets which touched him deeply. He never underestimated the value of an education, because his mental grasp was so

broad and his judgment so well balanced that he could have put the lessons of the school to most excellent service. His reasoning powers qualified him to grasp the general problems of life. He approaches men as a man of affairs and takes a deep interest in public questions.

He is not a man of adventurous excesses, and has kept himself well within safe limits. His ideas are never extravagant and are generally well considered before they are expressed. His mental reservations constitute one of his chief characteristics. "I have my own opinions all the same," is a commonplace expression that tells the whole story of an independent judgment. He has thought things out for himself, and must therefore from conviction be in harmony with other peoples' theories before he is ready to accept them.

His lofty spiritual and intellectual nature has made it quite impossible for him to do anything small or mean. "I would be above it," is the language of the man when taking exceptions to things that were unworthy or deceptive. James Jensen has never deceived any one. His way and methods are in the open, everybody knows that he is on the side of his best judg-

ment and of his conscience, and they are usually sound. When he puts his hand to a task, he gives to it the best there is in him, and then after due deliberation. He has always made a study of every possibility of failure. He is scrupulously anxious to be on the right side of every question, of every undertaking. He prefers to make due allowance for other men's failures in public life, and has something generally in reserve to make good that which is lacking in them. He is rarely the first man to launch an enterprise or devise some needed improvement; but when once he puts his hand to the plow, he is one of the last to look back. In the race of life, he has been careful not to take on a pace which he could not keep up.

Bishop Jensen belongs to a class of men who grow, grow all their lives. His last days are his best. His reserve powers are not like those of many—exhausted in early life. The superabundance of vitality with which he has been endowed fed both his spiritual and intellectual nature. He sees things more clearly as time goes on. His reasoning powers have grown with experience and with their application. He has out-grown in a large measure timidity

and has gradually felt the self-confidence which comes from accuracy and care. The spirit of equality has developed within him as he has felt his own strength come up to that of his associates. He has been so unconscious of his own qualities of head and heart that the greatest mistake of his public life has been the inferiority he attaches to them. From discussing a limited number of questions in the beginning, he has extended his horizon to the view of all questions necessary to the well-being of those over whom he has presided. He has grown more rapidly in the estimation of others than in his own estimation. To them his latent resources have been more apparent. He has aimed intellectually more at the safe side of a proposition than at a brilliant display of wisdom.

Though he has laid no claim to any special knowledge of theological questions, his judgment on religious subjects has always been sound. The people therefore have felt that he was a "safe" man to follow and no one has doubted him half so much as he has doubted himself. His self-depreciation has never been shared by the members of his ward, and this

has been, perhaps, the weakest point in the general character of the man. He, all along, has been painfully afraid of mistakes, and a mistake has been so much dreaded at times that he hesitated where others have been fearless.

Such a character as Bishop James Jensen will grow in the appreciation and memories of the people long after his own generation has passed away. It would, perhaps, not be correct to speak of him as a model Bishop, yet he has been such an example of what we regard as the highest type of man in that office that some analysis of the character of the man will be helpful to every Bishop in the Church, and to every one who takes pride in the Bishop of the ward in which he lives. His life and the quality of his heart and mind are worthy of respectful attention by all who esteem the high office which he has filled so admirably and with such satisfaction to his people, for they are his—he possesses their love and loyalty. Let others see him as his own see him.

The humble circumstances of his birth, his early struggles, and the disadvantages with which he had to meet the hardships of a com-



munity in process of transformation all made him clearly conscious of what "might have been." He has reckoned his losses in the many unequal struggles to which he has been subjected and sought to "make good" where the possibilities were in his favor. He has kept his eye on the people, especially on those whose qualifications he admired, and has made their lives profitable to his own. He has been all his life unconsciously looking up. That habit has made him painfully conscious when called to responsible action himself.

It would be wrong to speak of Bishop Jensen as an uneducated man. He has been a close student of human nature and of human endeavor. His knowledge of men and the underlying quality of their lives has been truly remarkable. Such knowledge has come to him intuitively and he could not easily be shaken in the estimates which he makes of others. He has never given much attention to the details by which he arrived at a conclusion respecting men or things. He has been given the power to grasp things in their entirety. His judgments, therefore, are not broken or fragmentary. They are the finished product of

his mind. He is consequently not given to arguments. You have his ideas and you may take them for what they are worth. Conscious of the wholesale manner in which he reaches conclusions, he gives them out sparingly. Then, he knows himself better even than he knows others; and being honest with himself, he is not easily reached by flattery, nor warped by other people's views.

Besides, he has felt keenly the responsibility of every act which touched the welfare and happiness of others. That responsibility he assumed fully and honestly. No man ever suffered for a mistake which James Jensen shifted from his own shoulders. Expecting to meet manfully the full results of whatever he did, he has felt compelled to follow an unbiased judgment rather than a prejudice imbibed from other men's opinions. If he felt uncertain, he said so, and sought the aid of others in making his way clear. When it is said that he reaches conclusions in a wholesale manner, it must not be inferred that he reaches them hastily. On the contrary, he takes his time. His uncertainties and his unripened judgments he rarely

imposes upon others. If it were necessary to wait a month or a year, he waited.

Bishop Jensen is a wise man, a man of sound judgment. Wisdom is the fruit of the spirit rather than of the mind; but there is a beautiful harmony between what he feels and what he thinks. There are few disproportions between his teachings and his conduct. He is extremely sensitive to inconsistencies. That word "inconsistent" often falls from his lips. Inconsistencies annoy him and make him impatient. He is quick to detect them in others and is always on his guard against them in himself. His admonitions are therefore always timely. What he says is taken seriously, and the truth of his words are confirmed as much in the feelings as in the minds of those who hear him. His unquestioned sincerity and simple honesty cause him to speak as one having authority, though the authority with which he is clothed is never conspicuous. He is more timid in the exercise of his authority than are those over whom it is exercised. No man or woman has ever feared his authority. People have loved it and magnified its importance a hundredfold more than he has. He dreaded its exercise,

if by its exercise it was to reprove or reproach.

He has never gone about conscious that he was Bishop of the ward. He has had to be reminded by some public manifestations of loyalty. The people have not let him forget that he is their Bishop, and hence the frequent surprises and repeated evidences of their esteem. His native simplicity and untiring service have exalted the office he holds in the estimation of the people of Forest Dale. They have made it by their loyalty and devotion a great honor to be a bishop, especially *their* Bishop. But if they were jealous of the dignity of the office which he held, and exalted his authority, they have never thought of wresting any exercise of it from him. He knows well his responsibility and has never surrendered it. He keeps his hand firmly on the helm, as though he were a pilot sensible of his obligation to keep the ship of church in safe course and in the right direction. The simplicity of his conduct makes one think that it is the simplest thing in the world to be wise. If wisdom is a simple thing, it does not follow that all simple things are wisdom.

Saying that Bishop Jensen is not given to

analysis does not say that he lacks the powers of discrimination. He is quick to classify men and events. He works thoughtfully at the problems he has to solve in dealing with the affairs of his ward. "It will have to work itself out," he is wont to say. He well understands that there are some problems that only time and patience can solve. He is not therefore a "meddler" whose interference rather hinders than helps. He has patience to await the results of time, and the good sense to profit by his observations, and in turn make them helpful to others.

His sense of the peculiar fitness of things is clear. To him there is a proper time and a proper place for both words and conduct. "It didn't strike me just right," he would say of some illy timed remark. His spirit is attuned to the harmonies of time and place, and he suffers when there is a discord in his surroundings. Many a man and woman will remember his nervous, restless shrugs and unhappy facial expressions as he listened on the stand to some extravagant expressions, or to some illogical or inconsistent statement. He has a fine sense of appreciation for the humorous when the oc-

casation is fitting, but he never enjoys incongruous joking from the pulpit during the hours of worship. How often a painful expression has stolen over his face as he has listened to some foolish witticism. His face is generally a good index for the guidance of the audience in the matter of questionable utterances. With him, worship is an act of the greatest solemnity, and he is greatly disturbed by any discordant notes. "I don't like it, but what shall I say." That he did not like it was enough for those who could understand. There are practical jokers, perhaps, in every ward. There have been such in his, but they have been restrained. "It takes time, and I prefer that they themselves see how wrong and foolish it is to desecrate the Sabbath by such inappropriate remarks," he would say when others grew critically impatient.

Bishop Jensen is not a preacher, but his speaking is always enjoyed. It is to the point and comes from the heart. He is not so much concerned about teaching things that are new and refreshing as he is about people living up to the knowledge they already have. "What are we doing as individuals and

as a ward?" is a question he frequently puts to the people. "Let us stop and reflect," and he persuaded people to stop and reflect—a most excellent practice. When he said "don't" it was a heart-felt desire which all understood. It is his presence in the meetings and his well known wishes that govern the character of the worship of his ward more than anything he says. When for any reason he is absent, he is greatly missed.

He always comes to his meetings ready—ready to worship. His mind is on it, and there is a prayerful desire that actuates him in all his movements and directions. His mind is not wandering, his interests are not divided, and his devotions are not dissipated by things foreign to the spirit of worship. He is thinking of God, and wants every one else to think of Him. People quickly learned to follow him in public worship. They understood his spirit and liked it. That has made the meetings of Forest Dale interesting, even when some or much of the talking was dry.

He also has a high sense of the dignity of worship. There is order in all that is done. The deacons are trained for the service of the

sacrament. It is a pleasing picture. The priests, too, act with promptness and in the spirit of their calling. It is remarkable how well these young boys respond to the wishes and instructions of their Bishop who does not allow the observance of the Sabbath to sink to the level of a commonplace duty. He takes a special pride in worship and gives a dignity to it which all enjoy.

A Bishop with such a reverend regard for his Maker could not well neglect the rights and privileges of His children. He imparts feelings of dignity to every member of the ward with whom he comes in contact. His greetings are always cordial, and his interest in every member of the ward is so genuine that his presence makes people turn their thoughts upon themselves rather than upon him. He is a man who invites confidence, and secrets are carefully guarded. His sympathetic nature attracts people to him for comfort and consolation. Who that has known him does not remember the earnest tone of his voice when he has responded to the needs of those seeking counsel or consolation. He is a man of an affectionate nature—a nature enjoyed by every



living soul that comes within its influence. His love is of that lofty character that has drawn all people to him, young and old, male and female alike. It is an impartial love which all may partake of freely. There are no favored few, no inner circle. He is everybody's Bishop, because he loves everybody. Nor is his love measured by any special standard of worthiness. He loves because he enjoys loving, and because he wants to do good. If it fails to receive a response, it is not his fault for it is given freely.

What the people have thought of him is best told in the testimonials which it was their pleasure to give and his gratitude to receive. They are a part of the record of this biography. They do not, however, tell it all. They are assurances and appreciations. They are not private opinions and do not express that close personal relation that a few members of the ward have enjoyed with him individually. The people have known that he not only has the desire to be just, but he has the ability to be so. His nature is strong as well as loving. He has not been misled by shams, and therefore the people have trusted his judgment and felt the

wisdom of the justice which he administered. He is not easily shaken, nor does he lose his moorings.

He has also been generous in his instincts, and made due allowance for every phase of human nature. His expectations have not been so high respecting human nature that he has been disappointed in the discovery of men's weaknesses. Men have trusted to him their faults as they have their virtues. His charity has been broad enough to cover the former as his appreciation has been full enough to value the later. He has a standard of his own. He might modify it, but he would not surrender it. It has always been as good as the facts justified, and new facts he has been willing to accept and has given to them their proper bearing in the formation of his judgment.

James Jensen is a good judge of human nature. He does not hesitate to criticise whenever he feels it his duty to do so, but he is generally sure of his ground. His criticisms, however, have never degenerated into a prejudice from which he could not divest himself. His words of reproof were sent forth on a mission for good as well as his words of confidence

and love. If they did not accomplish good, he saw to it that they did no evil. It would be hard to say just why Bishop Jensen is so. His is a spirit whose powers and possibilities were never well known till the hour of his public responsibility came. He might have taken these qualities of head and heart to the grave, unknown, but they are his and they are a rich inheritance for his eternal good, whether in this world or in the world to come. The grave is not the judgment scene. It lies away beyond. It is hard to believe that this life has seen the full possibilities of Bishop Jensen's spirit. May it grow through all eternity, and may he hereafter be all that God made it possible for him to be!

APPENDIX A.

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TO BISHOP JAMES JENSEN, FROM THE SAINTS  
OF FOREST DALE WARD, SEPTEMBER, 1897.

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A small collection of sentiments of welcome and confidence, tendered Bishop Jensen on the occasion of the gathering in the "Old Farm House," Forest Dale Ward, September 8, 1897, in which all the members of the ward joined, honoring their greatly beloved Bishop.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

We, your brethren in the Bishopric, in behalf of ourselves and the teachers of Forest Dale Ward, desire to express our love and esteem for you as a brother and a servant of God. In the discharge of your duties as the Bishop of this ward we pledge you our services in holding up your hands, and in sustaining you.

Praying the blessings of God upon you and yours, we subscribe ourselves,

Your brethren,

ROYAL B. YOUNG,  
JAMES HENDRY,

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

We have met this evening as children of one family to pay honor to you, the Father of our Ward, and in doing so we wish to show the love we have for you, and to acknowledge the kind advice and counsel you have ever been ready to give.

It is our desire as a Society to be ready and on hand at all times to assist in any way that we may be called, both in visiting the sick and relieving the wants of the needy. We have always felt that we have been heartily sustained by you in whatever we have undertaken; we hope that in the future we may be able to merit your approbation; that our acts and movements may be in accord with your feelings.

We as a Society do not wish to be judged by any great outward demonstration, but wish to show our love for you by being ready to carry out your instructions at all times; and we wish to say that by your noble example, your wise counsel, and kind and loving ways, you have won a lasting regard in our memories;

and we wish you to know that you are heartily sustained in the position you occupy by the members of the Relief Society of Forest Dale Ward; and we consider you the right man in the right place.

CORNELIA T. DRIGGS,  
L. Y. STEVENSON,  
ADDIE M. CANNON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

*Kind and Loving Bishop:*

How gladly we embrace this opportunity of joining with the rest of your flock in saying those dear old words—"Dear Bishop, we love thee!"

Each Sabbath morning, when the lambs of our precious fold have been gathered, and, in our song the angels of God have mingled their voices, our hearts have been filled with joy and gratitude in having your faithful presence among the many kind teachers and associates.

Our success as a Sabbath School, we attribute chiefly to you and your noble staff.

In silence we have awaited an opportunity when we could, in our modest way, show to you that your noble efforts are daily being

rewarded. But, like the tree to the faithful gardener, though faithful care and devotion may continue unceasingly with results hardly noticeable, yet the time does come when, as with outstretched arms, laden with precious fruit, it yearns to repay, and places at his disposal that by which it shall ever after be known. So, with us, loving Bishop, as the one small tree in your well cultivated garden, may we bring forth fruit upon which you can gaze with joy, and by which you may know us forever.

God bless thee Bishop—

May long life, joy, and power with wisdom untold  
Be granted unto thee in leading thy fold;  
As thy children, united at thy side we shall stand,  
And to none art thou dearer than the Sunday School  
band.

WM. L. HANSEN,  
JOHN M. CANNON,  
B. W. ASTON.

*Dear Bishop Jensen:*

As the kind words you give and your labors of love,  
Are recorded in heaven by angels above,  
May your presence in school always bring its good  
cheer,  
And your timely advice make your friendship more  
dear.

May each smiling face as it catches your gaze  
Remember the cause of this gathering to-night;  
And may each add his might to build up the "Dale,"  
That love may abound and friendship prevail.

As you gaze down our streets at the close of each day  
When time plants his footsteps in colors of gray,  
May each smiling face shine as it catches your gaze  
With gratitude shine and your faithfulness praise.

And may our little homes where each one may dwell  
Partake of the spirit that you love so well,  
And wherever your lot with the Saints may be cast,  
Your place in our hearts will remain to the last;  
The sick and the poor their prayers will bespeak  
And our Sunday School children will bless you each  
week.

B. W. ASHTON.

*For the "Dale" Sunday School.*

#### THE SEVENTIES.

##### *Brethren and Sisters:*

I now represent the Seventies and Elders residing in Forest Dale Ward. There are not full quorums of either of these organizations residing in the ward, but for the individual members of these quorums whom Bishop Jensen has among his flock, I can say that there is no sentiment of love, affection or devotion ut-



tered by those who have preceded me this night but what the Seventies and Elders can heartily endorse and say, amen, to.

I say to Bishop Jensen in behalf of the Seventies and Elders of this ward, God bless you, and peace be with you. When you need our help and assistance call on us and we will do all in our power to uphold your hands by our works, faith and prayers. Long may you live to be a Bishop and Father to us all, is our prayer, amen.

J. W. SUMMERHAYS.

DEACONS' QUORUM.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

Dear Brother:—We, the Deacons of the Forest Dale Ward, feel it our duty, on this grand occasion, to express our thanks and gratitude to you for the good you have done us in the way of instruction and encouragement, enabling us to walk uprightly before our Heavenly Father.

We realize that we are but mortal beings and have many weaknesses to overcome, therefore we feel to thank you for your fatherly advice and counsel.

We realize that we might have performed our labors in a more satisfactory manner, but remember, Bishop, we are only boys with but little experience; bear with us in the future as you have done in the past, and we will do all in our power to uphold and sustain you.

Ever praying God's blessings to be with you, we remain,

Your brethren in the Gospel,

LOUIS W. SIMS,

WM. JENSEN,

DAVID C. URE.

Y. M. M. I. A.

*Be It Resolved:*

First. That we, the members of the Mutual Improvement Association of the Forest Dale Ward, hereby tender to Bishop Jensen our heartfelt respect and perfect confidence in him as Bishop and father of his ward. We admire his simplicity of character, his gentlemanly demeanor, his kindly attitude, and his remembrance of the fatherless, and his never ceasing attention to the poor under his jurisdiction. As a Latter-day Saint, as a citizen, and as a man

he has the unbounded confidence of this association, and we may say so of the members of his whole ward.

We take pleasure in tendering the Bishop our kindest regards, respect, and attention, and in wishing a long and continued prosperity for his family.

Second. And be it further resolved that we congratulate Bishop Jensen and the people of this ward upon his appointment to the position which he now holds; and while we would not say that no other person could have been selected that could do so well, we can say truthfully that no other could have been selected who could do better.

Third. And be it further resolved, that it is the heartfelt desire of the whole society, and we will add the entire ward over which he presides, that he may live long and continue in the position he now holds, and may his days grow brighter and his years more joyful as time rolls on; that at all times he may have the same confidence in us that we have in him.

ROBERT A. URE,  
ARTHUR R. CASTLETON,  
EDWIN WRIGHT.

Y. L. M. I. A.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

Dear Brother:—We realize that the greatest tribute a man usually receives is after he is dead; that his labors are not appreciated until he has gone. It is then that words of greatest praise and appreciation are poured forth for the departed one. But can dead ears hear, or dead hearts feel the warmth of gratitude and affection? Many times friends regret, when it is too late, that they have not encouraged by kind words and acts the labors of an associate. Why not scatter these flowers of kindness and affection in the paths of our friends while they live and can enjoy their beauty and fragrance and be encouraged and refreshed in the journey of life?

That we may not have these regrets referred to, in your case, and that you may have the benefit of the high regard in which you are held by us, we write this little missive. Not that we expect you to die soon, but that it may be a source of a little encouragement to you, in the beginning of your labors in this ward.

In you, Bishop Jensen, the writer is often reminded of the village preacher described by Oliver Goldsmith:—

“Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;  
But, in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place.  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.”

We feel that you have indeed been father of the ward; that you are deeply interested in every member of your family. We are proud to be numbered among your little flock, feel to thank God for having given us such a guardian, and will ever support you by our faith and prayers. We realize to some extent that your labors are arduous, but He who has said “Feed my sheep” will reward the good shepherd of one of His flocks.

We, as the young ladies of the ward, feel to thank you especially for the kind interest you have taken in our association. We always feel encouraged by your presence and advice. As you have been a kind and indulgent father, we hope to be dutiful daughters and never do anything unworthy of our parentage. We are ready and anxious at any time to do anything we can to assist you. Though these words are but few and feeble, please accept them as most sincere.

ZINA B. CANNON,  
SARAH B. SUMMERHAYS.  
JOSEPHINE JENSEN.

PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

*Our Bishop, the Father of our Ward:*

Many happy returns of the evening.

We are the Primary, young and growing;  
we shall be a help to you bye and bye.

Who is the father of our country?—George Washington.

Who is the father of our ward?—Bishop Jensen.

Kindness begets kindness. Love begets love ;  
that is why we love our Bishop.

We want to see you look pleased and happy,  
so we will try and brush all sorrow and care  
away by living at peace with one another.

God bless our Bishop with health, and may  
he live till he realizes every righteous desire  
of his heart, and be satisfied with life, and may  
we renew your acquaintance in the great here-  
after is the fervent desire of the Forest Dale  
Primary.

JENNIE H. YOUNG,  
L. Y. STEVENSON,  
MAGGIE TIMPSON.

APPENDIX B.

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DEDICATORY PRAYER OF THE FOREST DALE  
MEETING HOUSE, OFFERED BY  
PRESIDENT JOS. F. SMITH,  
JULY 23, 1905.

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*Remarks of President Jos. F. Smith, prior to  
offering the Dedicatory Prayer of the For-  
est Dale Meeting House.*

I would like to say to my brothers and sisters and the congregation generally, that I desire, in offering prayer, to offer the desires of the congregation, the desires of your hearts, all who are present. It is not I who can give unto the Lord this building. I have contributed but a very very little towards it. I am thankful that I am able to say I passed in my little mite, but you who are assembled here this evening have contributed of your substance, many of you very liberally according to your means, in order that this beautiful building might be erected for the worship of the Lord; and it will be



you who will give unto the Lord the right and the title and the claim that should rightfully belong to Him, as a place built for the purpose of His worship, to be dedicated unto His name, and to be held as a sacred place, a sanctuary in which the Saints of God may meet together for His worship, for prayer, for singing and praise, for bearing testimony of the Truth; and I would like, therefore, that my brothers and sisters and all my friends who are here join with me in spirit and in heart, in offering this structure unto the Lord. I would not like to feel that I was alone in officiating in this sacred matter, but I want to feel that I am being sustained and upheld in this service by all who are present.

Now let us unite in prayer.

*Dedicatory Prayer.*

Our Father, who art in Heaven. Hallowed be Thy name. We, Thy children, have assembled here this evening for the purpose among other things, of making an offering unto Thee, an offering of this building, which with the means that Thou hast given unto Thy

people, they have built as a sacred and holy place, where the presence of angels may be felt, where the power, the presence, and the influence of Thy Holy Spirit may pervade the hearts of those assembled here from time to time; where holy thoughts may enter into the hearts of Thy children; where purity of heart may engender everlasting light into the souls of those who are seeking; where sin may be reprov'd and rebuked and removed far away, not only from this building but from those who shall assemble here from time to time. We ask Thee, Holy Father, that Thou wilt sanctify and bless this offering and this assembly. Bless the exercises that have already been performed by those who have spoken and by those who have sung and by those who have expressed sentiments of worth and of inspiration for the reflection and instruction and edification of those who have come here. Wilt Thou bless all these things and sanctify them to the good of all who participate here tonight; but especially, we pray Thee, Holy Father, that Thou wilt abundantly bless every soul, man, woman, and child, who has contributed of his or her substance towards the building of this house.

Let Thy Holy Spirit rest in their hearts, and wilt Thou verify unto them the promises that have been made unto them. Wilt Thou verify the words that have been spoken here this evening with reference to their having gained rather than having lost anything for having contributed of their substance for the erection of this beautiful place. Wilt Thou, O Father, multiply their substance, and especially those who have given liberally of their means to the erection of this building. Bless, we pray Thee, every person who has contributed; bless the poor who have contributed of their substance, the widows, the fatherless, and every man woman and child, who has assisted in this work; bless them all according to the desires of their hearts in righteousness before Thee; and wilt Thou multiply their substance and make them feel enriched and increased in blessings, because of the efforts they have put forth to this end; for Thou wilt realize, Heavenly Father, that the desire, the object, and the purpose of their hearts have been to sanctify the Lord God in their hearts, to build a place in which He may dwell, a place that may be His sanctuary, a place that is holy and pure a

place, in which all its bearings and all its effects and influence, will exalt the mind, will enlarge the understanding, increase faith in the heart and in the soul of the children of men, and lead them back into the presence of God, from whence they have come.

Now, Holy Father, this being the object we have in view, we ask Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Beloved Son, that Thou wilt shield this house from every harm. May no evil come to it. May no disaster overtake it. May no storms prevail against it, but may it be protected from every influence of a destructive nature. May it not be shaken by earthquakes or upheavels or any unusual things that may occur in the latter times, but may it stand firm and steadfast upon its foundation. May it continue to abide and endure for the purpose for which it is built and for which we offer it unto Thee, the Lord our God. We ask Thee, Heavenly Father, to forbid and not permit any foul spirit to enter into this house. May no spirit of contention, of dissension, of infidelity or unbelief, have a place here, but may that spirit pervade the assemblies, which shall lead Thy people nearer unto Thee. the

Lord. May that spirit ever be present which will enlighten their minds, enlarge their understanding, and make them know and realize that they are indeed the children of God, who made the Heavens and the Earth and who holds all things in His mighty hand.

Now, Holy Father, we ask Thee to bless the upper part of this building for the use of Thy people as a place for worship, that it may be held sacred for that purpose, that those who come here may feel that when they come into this place that they come into the presence of the Lord, that His all-seeing eye is upon them, that His ear can hear their very sighs, and the earnest desires of their hearts will not be hid or kept from Thine omnipotence. We ask Thee, Holy Father, to grant this unto Thy people and unto Thy servants, especially those who have taken an active part in the construction of this house. Bless the Bishop and his counselors, and grant, Heavenly Father, that they may feel doubly rewarded for the toil they have been subjected to, for the anxiety they have felt, and for the sacrifices they have made in the interest of Thy people and in the interest of the ward where they reside. Bless their

assistants ; bless the committees that have been appointed to collect means ; bless the architect and those who have aided in any way in the construction of this building. Bless them all for the labors they have performed, to their unspeakable happiness, that they may feel rewarded in their souls for having done good, for it is doing good to seek to honor the Lord and to make a place where His name can be held in reverence and in sacredness in the heart of the children of men.

Now, Holy Father, we dedicate unto Thee the grounds upon which this building stands, every part thereof. Wilt Thou remove the curse therefrom and make it holy. Bless those parts which may be adorned with trees, shrubbery, and flowers ; may they yield abundantly for the enjoyment of Thy people. Bless the walls of this building, that they may be firm and steadfast. Bless the roof and all the appurtenances belonging unto it.

Without entering into details, Father, Thou knowest all things, and Thou knowest that which we desire without even our speaking of it, yet Thou hast made it our duty to call upon Thy name and make offerings of sacrifice

unto Thee. We ask Thee, also, Heavenly Father, to bless the basement, that has been dedicated and set apart for social enjoyment, for singing, for music, for dances; wilt Thou bless it for this purpose and sanctify it to this end. Grant that no evil may come there, but that a spirit of peace, true enjoyment, and true happiness, may ever be present on all occasions, that all who shall gather for amusement and innocent enjoyment may feel its influence.

Now, Holy Father, we ask Thee in the name of Jesus Christ, Thy Son, who dwelt in the midst of men, who had no home, who had no where to lay His head, but who wandered among those who would receive Him into their homes and administered unto them life and salvation; in His name, Holy Father, we make offering unto Thee of this whole building, from its foundation to the top thereof, and everything connected therewith, and we pray Thee, our Heavenly Father, to accept this offering unto Thee of this whole building, from its foundation to the top thereof, and everything connected therewith, and we pray Thee, our Heavenly Father, to accept this offering,

that Thy name may be placed upon these things in righteousness, and that we, Thy children, may maintain this building sacredly as a house of worship and as a place of innocent amusement and enjoyment, where we may know each other, and understand each other, and have fellowship with one another; a place where we may worship the Lord in union and love, and come to a unity of the faith. We pray Thee to bless those who shall speak here from time to time. Fill them with the revelation of Thy will. Grant, Heavenly Father, that no man, no elder of Thy Church, no servant of the Lord, may ever arise here and pronounce false doctrine or speak things that are not good in Thy sight; but may Thy servants be inspired to speak true words of encouragement, instruction, and admonition, if necessary, that will result in good to Thy people.

All these blessings and favors we humbly ask, and we make this offering unto Thee, in the name of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer, Amen.



APPENDIX C.

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SENTIMENTS TO BISHOP JAMES JENSEN, FROM  
THE FOREST DALE WARD ORGANIZATIONS,  
JANUARY 19, 1908.

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ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH QUORUM OF SEVENTY,  
FOREST DALE, SALT LAKE COUNTY, UTAH.

January 19th, 1908.

We, some of the sons of the lovely Ward of Forest Dale, in the Granite Stake of Zion, representing the 105th Quorum of Seventy, take this opportunity of thanking you, our beloved Bishop James Jensen, for your kindness to us, and for the interest you have taken in our welfare. We feel that our association with you has made us better men.

Bishop Jensen, you are truly a father unto the people of this ward.

We love you because of your integrity for the Gospel. We love you because you have taught us to love one another, because you have set us the example, bidding us to follow.

We love you because you have always made us feel well in your presence.

We honor you for your faithfulness to the teachings of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

We thank our Heavenly Father that we have been permitted to partake of the influence of one who is possessed of so gentle a spirit as you.

We pray to our Father in Heaven that He will spare you unto us for many years ; that we may continue to feel encouraged in the Gospel ; and that we may have the privilege of sustaining you as a servant of God, and as the father of this ward.

F. V. ENSIGN,  
CLARENCE M. CANNON,  
EDWIN WRIGHT,  
GEO. S. SPENCER,  
JOHN H. TAYLOR,  
ARCHIBALD FREEBAIRN,  
EUGENE M. CANNON,  
JESSE M. FOX, Sec'y.

IN THE FOREST DALE ECCLESIASTICAL WARD.  
 JAMES JENSEN, BISHOP, AND COMMON JUDGE  
 IN ISRAEL.

In relation to certain }  
 allegations and }  
 charges made }  
 against the or- }  
 ganization known }  
 as the Sunday }  
 School of Forest }  
 Dale. }  
 Involving the good }  
 name of James }  
 Jensen, Bishop of }  
 Forest Dale. }

This meeting having been regularly called and all parties being duly notified, and a fair representation being present, the said Sunday School, by its officers, the superintendency, does hereby recite the charges made against the teachers and members of said Sunday School and make answer.

It is alleged that the Sunday School as a whole admire Bishop Jensen; that some of its members (presumably the ladies) love him;

that some of the aforesaid body have been heard to express the opinion that in the person of James Jensen is represented their ideal of a bishop; that some assert that humility and meekness are pronounced traits in his character; that he is and at all times has been solicitous for the welfare of the members of his ward; that he rejoices with those who rejoice; that he mourns with those who mourn; that with the fatherless he is a father; that to the tried he is ever a comfort; to the tempted a source of strength; that he is a man of God and a man whom God delights to honor.

And now comes the subscribers to this statement, the superintendency of said Sunday School, who hereby affirm, that after diligent and persistent enquiry and observation, they are of the opinion that such charges are well founded; that they verily believe such statements have been made; and that James Jensen is so held and thought of by the Sunday School workers; and that we, the said superintendency, are hereby authorized to enter for the said Sunday School workers, the plea of "Guilty" to the above named charges; and that, since they have thus felt and ex-

pressed themselves in regard to said James Jensen, that we now at this time, or at any time in the future, hold ourselves subject to judgment and sentence of the aforesaid Common Judge; and notwithstanding we are ignorant of the nature of the penalty that he shall meet out to us, we do now and ever shall hold him to be our Friend, Bishop, and Father. Dated this the 19th day of January, 1908.

GEORGE E. WOOLLEY,  
JAMES T. DUNBAR,  
MILTON H. ROSS.

Y. M. M. I. A.

Mutual Improvement means, we each help ourselves and all help one another.

Dear Bishop, you have helped the Mutual Improvement cause of Forest Dale by your fatherly interest in the young people of our ward.

We all love you for it, and want to help you make of Forest Dale, what you desire it to be,—the home of active workers for self-

betterment and mutual progresston in the ways  
of God.

We are with you, Bishop, heart and soul.

T. ALBERT HOOPER,  
G. W. TEUDT,  
CLARENCE L. GARDINER,  
G. ALMA GARDNER.

Y. L. M. I. A.

We're proud of our Bishop  
Because he's a man,—  
A man with great thoughts to impart.  
His kindness and patience  
And thrift and great love  
Touch and appeal to each heart,  
We're proud, very proud of our Bishop.

His fine, busy life  
Has urged all of us  
Not to be idle, but ever to strive  
To love well our neighbors  
And treat well our friends,  
Live just a plain, simple life.  
—We learn very much from our Bishop,

Not only his goodness  
Has won all our hearts.

Not his wisdom, nor yet his tact;  
 It is hard to explain  
     Why we love him so well,  
 But our love is a well-known fact,  
 —For to us the Bishop's the Bishop.

MARY T. HENDRY,

EMMA TEUDT,

NETTIE POULTON.

RELIGION CLASS.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

Dear Brother:—In behalf of the Religion Classes of the "Dale," we, your brethren, the Presidency, desire by these tokens of our esteem to express the gratitude of the Religion Class workers for the able manner in which you have aided us in the development of this organization for the advancement of the youth of Zion.

We pray our Heavenly Father to bless you that you may continue many years with us, to be a blessing unto this people, as you have been in the past.

May the peace that comes from faithful la-

bors be yours to enjoy, is the wish and prayer of your co-laborers in the cause we love.

ORSON W. RAWLINS,

J. B. HANSEN,

J. W. YOUNG.

Presidency.

#### LESSER PRIESTHOOD ORGANIZATION.

Bishop James Jensen: We, the quorums of the Lesser Priesthood, gratefully acknowledge in you our President. We confess that our response to your call has not at all times been as praiseworthy as the occasion deserved. But your untiring efforts have made us conscious that the power and influence you have exercised with us has been "only by persuasion, by long suffering, by gentleness, and meekness, and by love unfeigned."

By your example we have learned the spirit of presidency by virtue of the Priesthood. It has enlarged our souls. Our prayer for you is that the benediction of Heaven may extend



your life of usefulness with us and give joy to your soul in its fruition.

HAROLD TIMPSON,  
WILLARD ASHTON,  
JOSEPH REED,  
THEODORE TOBIASON,  
ROY PARR,  
ALMA RAMSEYER,  
ALMA SUMMERHAYS,  
FORD FAIRBOURN,  
KARL MILLER,  
FRANK GEE,  
P. J. JENSEN.

#### PRIMARY ASSOCIATION.

The Primary, the infant organization of all the organizations, is the foundation of the future advancement of our young, and is the beginning of the end.

At times when we have felt discouraged with our petty trials, our esteemed Bishop has always come to our rescue with encouragement and fatherly advice. His interest is ever in our behalf, which is a comfort and strength to all working under his directions.

We do not wish to show our appreciation in words only, but also in actions. Our desire is to do our part and his burdens lighten. May God bless our Bishop and spare him to lead us throughout our future endeavor to instruct and enlighten the children of Zion.

This labor with the children  
Is the beginning of the end,  
Assisted by the Bishop,  
And he is their dearest friend.

Press onward, worthy Bishop,  
In this great and glorious cause,  
For all our children love you  
As a leader in God's laws.

May the Lord aid and cheer you,  
Ever give you health and strength  
That you may do your duty,  
And be satisfied at length.

And if you get discouraged,  
May the Lord some comfort lend,—  
Be with you, like you to us,  
The Primary's dearest friend.

IDA K. COOLBEAR,  
JESSIE Y. DRIGGS,  
MARY C. MACKAY.

## THE RELIEF SOCIETY.

We feel that we have been indeed slow to extend our expressions of love and encouragement.

As the Relief Society workers, we gladly take advantage of this opportunity to express our gratitude to one who has always given us so much encouragement by his presence and also by the many kind suggestions which, when followed out, have given relief to the distressed, and rest and peace to the lonely and disconsolate.

We have appreciated the kindness shown to us in so many ways, and the tender greetings that have cheered our path and lightened our burdens from year to year. We know that these traits are gifts from God and that there are far too few who are in possession of them.

Your life has been a blessing to us and our children. The thoughtfulness and painstaking manner in which every detail is attended to by you will certainly have its effect upon our entire community.

We can never repay you or begin to do as much for you as you have done for us. While

life lasts or memory endures, we cannot forget your untiring efforts to help those in distress. As we look back, we see again your familiar figure wending its way through heat or cold to the homes of the afflicted.

May we ever be loyal to you who have used your time and your talents for our welfare; and may we be inspired to follow more fully your example in caring for those whom the Lord delights to call His own—the worthy poor.

PETRINA JENSEN,  
ADDIE M. CANNON,  
MARY A. YOUNG.

#### THE CHOIR.

A voice from the Choir, like a voice from the soul,  
Onward! Onward! it approaches its goal;  
And tonight that goal, surely 'tis to thee,  
Our Bishop, that our hearts give vent to such glee.

We know we're thy children, blest of the blest,  
And when for thy pleasure, we know no rest;  
And as to our practice so gaily we go,  
'Tis beneath the sweep of music's pure flow.

We sing and we sing till the heavens do ring  
With the joy our hearts to you would bring,  
Now tonight of all nights our songs are for you,  
Our Bishop, our Father, our Friend so true.

JAMES T. DUNBAR,

SADIE PARR,

G. ALVIN COOLBEAR.

AMUSEMENT COMMITTEE.

Bancroft Library

All the members of the youngest organization of the Ward, the Amusement Committee, heartily endorse the good things contained in the sentiments already expressed; and say to Bishop Jensen, we have appreciated your kindness and sympathy in the past very much, and extend to you willing hands and best wishes for the future, feeling that by reason of your good deeds and great kindness to all, the truths expressed in the following couplet, will bring their full fruition:

“A kindly deed is a kernel sown,  
That grows to a mighty tree,  
And finds its way hereafter down  
The gulf of Eternity.”

GEO. SPENCER,  
JAMES T. DUNBAR,  
O. S. SQUIRES,  
CARL F. BUEHNER,  
THOMAS O. POULTON,  
MARGARET SUMMERHAYS,  
GENEVA LOVE,  
GEO. H. VINE,  
E. PARLEY CLIFF,  
G. ALVIN COOLBEAR,  
J. P. OLSEN.

THE ELDERS' QUORUM.

“Near yonder copse where once the garden smiled  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,  
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose.  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose,

A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich on forty pounds a year;  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place,

Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize—  
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.

Pleased with his guests the good man learned to glow  
And quite forget their vices in their woe ;  
Careless their merits or their faults to scan  
His pity gave ere charity began.  
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side.  
But in his duty prompt at every call,  
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all ;  
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,  
And sorrow, guilt and pain by turns dismayed,  
The reverend champion stood. At his control  
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;  
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,  
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,  
His looks adorned the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff remained to pray.

The service past, around the pious man,  
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran;  
E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.

His ready smile a parent's joy expressed,  
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven,  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

—*Goldsmith's Deserted Village.*

M. C. MORRIS,  
F. W. COPE,  
J. RODEN.

*Bishop James Jensen:*

Dear Brother :—As your counselors, we have worked with you for twelve years, in the Cause of Christ.

May we not hope to say as Paul said, "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall



be able to separate us from the love of God,  
which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.”

Your brethren,

ROYAL B. YOUNG,

JAMES HENDRY.

January 19, 1908.

We have audited the foregoing and find it  
correct.

M. C. MORRIS,

GEO. S. SPENCER,

Auditing Committee.

Forest Dale, January 19, 1908.

## FAMILY GENEALOGY.

James Jensen, born June 7, 1841.

M. J. Petrina Sorensen Jensen, wife, born  
Sept. 28, 1846.

Marie Madsen Jensen, wife, born March 12,  
1855; died August 11, 1891.

## CHILDREN OF JAMES AND MARIE JENSEN.

Josephine J., born Dec. 12, 1873; died Oct. 23,  
1898.

James N., born Mar. 21, 1875.

Alfred C., born Nov. 24, 1876.

Esther P., born Aug. 28, 1878.

Wm. H., born Dec. 26, 1880.

Annie M., born Nov. 3, 1882.

## MARRIAGE OF CHILDREN AND THEIR ISSUE.

*James N. and Lena Struberg Jenson, married  
Feb. 12, 1903:*

Gale S., born June 29, 1904.

Myrla E., born July 27, 1905.

Lena Marie, born Mar. 19, 1907.

James S., born Nov. 27, 1910.

*Alfred C., and Melvina Nielsen Jensen, married Oct. 8, 1904:*

Melvina Nielson Jensen, died May 10, 1911.

Ora Lucile, born Sept. 14, 1905.

Ardella, born Oct. 22, 1908.

*Esther P. and Frank Roux, married Sept. 6, 1906.*

*Wm. H. and Katie Vilate Cunningham Jensen, married Oct. 25, 1902:*

James Vivian, born Dec. 30, 1903; died Jan. 13, 1908.

Lueen Young, born March 27, 1906.

Alibo Petrina, born January 11, 1908.

Joseph William, born May 15, 1909.

Genevieve, born October 10, 1910.

Ila Mary Powell, foster child, born September 20, 1897.

*Annie M. and Soren P. Neve, married October 31, 1900:*

Elliott James, born Feb. 10, 1904.

Soren P. Byron, born Dec. 30, 1905.

Charleen Marie, born May 10, 1911.

CHILDREN OF JACOB PETER OLSEN, FOSTER CHILD  
OF JAMES AND M. J. PETRINA JENSEN.

*Jacob Peter and Isabelle Ross Wilson Olsen,  
married Oct. 12, 1882:*

Isabelle Christina, born Aug. 16, 1883.

Effie Laurretta, born June 1, 1885.

Cora, born Nov. 15, 1887.

Rena, born April 22, 1890.

Alice Margaret, born Aug. 24, 1892.

James Verne, born Dec. 20, 1894.

Vera Pearl, born Dec. 20, 1894; died Aug. 16,  
1903.

Edith, born Aug. 21, 1897.

Ada Josephine, born Mar. 30, 1900.

Ross Wilson, born July 5, 1904.





